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The Literary Week.

We have received since our last issue twenty-seven new works, ten new editions, and nine novels. The new editions include a second issue of Mrs. Henry Ady's "Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan," and a new edition of the perennially popular "Last of the Mohicans." Big biographies of not very interesting people continue to be a note in publishing; this week three have reached us. Among the books of the week we note the following:—

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She is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But, in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few, trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

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one—"Mr. Stevenson's Home Life at Vailima"—by Mr. Osbourne. Mr. Osbourne's contribution concludes thus: "When he was detained in town at night, or by some mischance was late of returning to Vailima, it was his command that the house should be lit throughout so that he might see it shining through the forest on his home-coming. . . . Where better could I stop than at this picture—the tired man drawing rein in 'The Road of the Loving Heart,' and gazing up at the lights of home?"

IMPERIAL INDIA. By John Oliver Hobbes.

An individual and unconventional contribution to the literature of the Durbar. Mrs. Craigie has set down her impressions frankly. Thus we read: "No one on the spot would maintain that the deportment of the Indian chiefs could bear comparison with that of well-bred Italians, Frenchmen, or Englishmen. They may be amiable, and a number are probably sincere, but they are curiously lacking in grace or graciousness." The author has not adopted the attitude of the picturesque reporter—though there are a few admirable descriptive passages; she has rather attempted to state the philosophical and imperial ideas which are of the very essence of our hold on India.

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found an appreciation of William Ernest Henley. It was as a poet that he was best known to the large world; but the smaller world of his friends and acquaintances felt his personality and his influence. That meant much. Even those who had not seen much of him latterly were always conscious that he was there in the background. He remained the Chief. He was a splendid taskmaster, and if he did not spare his contributors, he spared himself less. The passion of perfection was his, and very sure he was of the way of perfection in writing. Having made up his mind to reject an article by some young man he was shaping, he would yet work upon it in that minute handwriting till every line of the original manuscript was changed. The emendations were magnificent, but—the thing was changed,

the runnel of individuality of the aspiring writer had been swamped in the Henley sea. And what a sea it was. The words capered, the paragraphs leaped, allusions frisked like lambs: you read breathlessly, and you left off breathless. A brilliant Editor he was, but hardly the Editor the public wants, for the public likes variety. Henley gave them himself, his best self, but always his own robustious himself. To his staff, particularly to those who were learning their business, he was Jove and the patient father in one. He told them to do their best, he got the best, and his commendation was unconventional, but very satisfying. When Mr. Kipling sent him a certain fine poem Henley telegraphed to him "God bless you."

WHEREVER he lived he was always at home, for as all the world knows he was crippled, dependent upon crutches, and even in his own room always trying to get ease by change of position. To that room, from time to time came everybody, and the talk was unforgettable. His rolling figure filled the eye, the great red man as he was before his hair and beard whitened, with the large, sensitive, kindly face, puckering into amusement, or expanding with a great, shaking laugh. So Dumas must have laughed. He was no toyer with dead sea fruit, no pretender that what he did was unimportant. He loved praise, and it did one good to share his pride in his poems, and to hear him purr when some young admirer sat at his feet and placed the great ones, living and dead, in their places. It did one good to be in his company, for he truly dwelt in a hill-city where winds blow, and men go forth to battle shouting. He really meant the following passage in the preface to his "Lyra Heroica": "To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here."

He inspired many books, and in the right way, for his cry was always—"Take yourself seriously: Do your best: Overcome!" And no man of our time had so many books dedicated to him. But to the larger world, as we have said, it is as a poet that he is best known: it was when he was an inmate of the Edinburgh Infirmary thirty years ago, attracted there by the fame of Lister, that his muse first became articulate, and there it was, this week, that the managers met to record their deep regret at his death: it was in that Infirmary that he first met R. L. Stevenson: it was Stevenson who, in 1888, was proud to hail his friend as poet. Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon" ends: "From a recent book of verse, where there is more than one such beautiful and manly poem, I take this memorial piece: it says better than I can, what I love to think: let it be our parting word." He then quotes a poem from Henley's "Book of Verses" which closes on this passage. It has crooned through many minds this past week:—

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing.
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

A GREAT deal has been made in certain quarters, particularly in America, of the resemblance between the career of Julie Le Breton, in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter," and actual events in the life of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The whole question is

very fairly stated by a writer in the current "Edinburgh Review":—

In many respects there is little more than suggestion. Lady Henry is a clever and bad-tempered old lady, of whom plenty were to be found in London in the eighteenth as they are in the twentieth century. But she bears but a faint resemblance to Madame du Deffand. Where is the faithful Wiart and Horace Walpole with his curious devotion to his blind friend? Nor is the company which assembled at Madame du Deffand's little salon in the convent of Saint Joseph and in Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's modest apartments in rue Saint-Dominique at all like the people with whom Mrs. Humphry Ward fills Lady Henry's drawing-room in the West End of London. Points of character have unquestionably been gathered from real traits in Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; her tact, her talent for intrigue are reproduced in the ways of Julie Le Breton, and the unreasoning love of Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroine for Warkworth is obviously founded on the passion of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse for de Guibert; while in the respectful affection of Dr. Meredith, the eminent editor, for Julie Le Breton we see a faint resemblance to the steady and helpful regard of D'Alembert for Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The novelty and ingenuity of Mrs. Humphry Ward's plan necessarily gives to "Lady Rose's Daughter" a freshness of treatment which has added much to its popularity as a story, but historically her thoughtful work is of slight importance. Julie Le Breton neither explains nor alters our views of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

Some people seemed to think that Mrs. Humphry Ward had no business to adapt fact to fiction. But that is a point of view which cannot seriously be maintained for a moment.

In the same number of the "Edinburgh Review" we find an article on Crabbe which opens thus:—

Crabbe's place on the slopes if not on the heights of Parnassus is so secure that he needs no apologist to win him a hearing. That his popularity has increased in recent years, we may judge from the fact that two volumes of selections from his poems have been published lately, and a biography and criticism by Canon Ainger is promised.

We cannot discuss here the question whether Crabbe's place is on Parnassus or elsewhere; he certainly has a place in literature. But it would really be interesting to know whether there has been any actual revival of Crabbe's popularity. The fact that two volumes of selections from his poems have been published during the last four years proves nothing. Our belief is, though we state it with diffidence, that no active revival of interest in Crabbe is at all possible to-day. With the inevitable swing of the pendulum he may, however, come in again.

We can never sufficiently thank the "New York American" for the sayings of certain writers who contribute to its literary page. An article on eighteenth century women concludes thus:—

There is in woman a natural temperament which does not change much. She is always the same and always diverse. One may define her not better than life itself of which she is the source.

That last sentence seems to dispose of theology and science, and everything else!

We have received from Messrs. Spalding and Hodge a specimen of a new hand-made paper to be known as "Aldwych." It is manufactured upon hand-sewn moulds, and as far as possible is a reversion to the craftsmanship of three centuries ago. Fuller, the makers remind us, said that "paper participates in some sort of the character of the country which makes it; the Venetian being neat, subtle, and courtlike; the French—light, slight and

slender; and the Dutch—thick, corpulent and gross, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof." This "Aldwych" paper is beautiful in texture and surface.

Mr. BRIDGES' experiments in Stone's prosody, to which we referred recently, have moved Mr. T. S. Omond to the following protest:—

LINES IMPROVISED AFTER READING SOME RECENT
QUANTITATIVE HEXAMETERS.

What, for this sorry verse our native metre abandon,
Lur'd by offers of effects new, strange, scientific, if we
Practise an exotic art, the habits of Greek speech using!
Shall Shakespeare's melodies, Milton's great harmonies,
outdone
Yield to a hexameter by rules of arithmetic inspir'd?
Could Shelley thus have sung? Could Burns have so
passionately
Told that a man's a man aye, his rank the guinea's stamp
merely?
Browning might to a tune like this have woven enigmas,
Arnold found his numerous *Ah's!* come handily helpful.
But Tennyson—we know what a farce such quantity-hunting
Seem'd to his ear, unlike that "strong-wing'd music of
(H)omer."
Oh folly, oh madness! What unexpectedly pedantic
Garb for an English muse! That a poet, truly a songster,
Fam'd for his metrical knowledge and his mastery of
rhythm,
Laying aside his lyre, should count and carve syllables thus,
Tie round his neck a Stone, and sink in an ocean of
oddness!

To which the fond disciples replieth, in elegiac metre:—

Most unsympathetic critic, envy alone can occasion
Such premature cavilling; you are unintelligent.
Read grammar, and study words, their bulk, their
"combative accents";
So shall your petty soul quickly the master adore.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC's second article in the "Pilot" on the poets of the French Renaissance deals with François Villon—a figure enveloped in an atmosphere of sordid romance, genius, and crime. Mr. Belloc writes:—

He was poor; he was amative; he was unsatisfied. This vigour, therefore, led in his actions to a mere wildness; clothed in this wildness the rare fragments of his life have descended to us. He professed to teach, but he haunted taverns, and loved the roaring of songs. He lived at random from his twentieth year in one den or another along the waterside. Affection brought him now to his mother, now to his old guardian priest, but not for long; he returned to adventure—such as it was. He killed a man, was arrested, condemned, pardoned, exiled; he wandered and again found Paris, and again—it seems—stumbled down his old lane of violence and dishonour.

Everything about Villon was mysterious; his name even was an enigma, and no one knows how or when he died. His last verse was written in 1461, in his thirtieth year; two years later his last signature was written. After that all is conjecture:—

You may pursue fantastic legends, you will not find the man himself again. Some say a final quarrel got him hanged at last—it is improbable: no record or even tradition of it remains. Rabelais thought him a wanderer in England. Poitou preserves a story of his later passage through her fields, of how still he drank and sang with boon companions, and of how, again, he killed a man. . . . Maybe, he only ceased to write; took to teaching soberly in the University, and lived in a decent inheritance to see new splendours growing upon Europe. It may very well be, for it is in such characters to desire in early manhood decency, honour, and repose. But for us the man ends with his last line. . . . It was the end, also, of a world. The first presses were creaking, Constantinople had fallen, Greek was in Italy, Leonardo lived, the sails of Vasco di Gama were ready—in that new light he disappears.

The influence and greatness of Villon can hardly be estimated; he brought a new note into French poetry, and, as it were, taught the Paris which he loved and hated how to mingle satire with its suavity. But he had infinite tenderness, too, and a rare spiritual sense. He was, indeed, one of those rare spirits who mingle gold and dross to the confounding of all theory.

THE "New York Times Saturday Review" makes Mr. Meredith's recent message to the press concerning his illness the text for a curious and wholly misunderstanding article. By some strange perversity it extracts from that kindly and characteristic message a spirit of ungraciousness and peevishness, as though Mr. Meredith should say—the people will not buy my books, why should they worry about my health? That attitude is the last in the world which Mr. Meredith would adopt, as any intelligent reader of his work should know. The "New York Times Saturday Review" then delivers itself to this effect:—

. . . it is perfectly plain that George Meredith would be a better novelist if he had been actually forced to pay attention to the British public, as was the case with his distinctly greater predecessor, Charles Reade, who also approached the British public from the exclusive point of view of "county families," but who also had sense enough to perceive how a proud British Squire had to write, in order to conciliate the British reading public.

We do not quite understand what this means, but what we do grasp of it has to do entirely with commercialism. Mr. Meredith is hardly likely to be popular in America if such views have any effective currency. In the meantime we are quite content to sit still and smile.

DURING the four years which have passed since the Victoria History of the Counties of England was begun, nine volumes have been published; seven others are now nearly ready for publication, and seventeen other counties are in a forward state. The work is to be extended to Wales, and the Prince of Wales has consented to become president of the special committee to be formed for the purpose.

READERS of the "British Weekly" and the able journalist himself who writes over the name Claudius Clear can hardly fail to be amused by "Punch's" parody this week. Under the title, "The Correspondence of Claudius Drear," we read:—

In discussing lack of knowledge, I might point to the comparative ignorance of many critics. Whenever I meet a man with pretensions to literary knowledge I put to him this question:—"Who is Jane Brown?" Neither Mr. Andrew Lang nor Sir M. E. Grant-Duff could answer this. I question, if the monumental erudition of the late Lord Acton could have solved the problem. Yet the answer is a simple one—when you know. Jane Brown is my upper housemaid.

There is no excuse for ignorance in a journalist. The reviewer in "Pickwick" who read up for China under the letter C, and Metaphysics under the letter M, had the root of the matter in him, though his methods were a little crude. It has often seemed to me that the great saying of "Hamlet," "The world is my parish," should be the journalist's motto. If I might introduce a personal note into these pages, I would say that I trace my entire journalistic success to the fact that I know everything about everything accurately. Yet the possession of such unique knowledge is a drawback. I often lie awake through the dreary watches of the night, appalled and overcome by the contemplation of my own erudition. No, if I were to advise a young man about to begin life I should say, "If you wish to be successful, know everything—but if you wish to be happy, let there be some things you do not know."

This is real and legitimate parody.

WHEN Mrs. Maude translated Tolstoy's "Resurrection," it will be remembered she announced her wish to devote the amount realised from sales to certain public purposes. The original object of the fund was to aid the settlement of the Doukhobors in Canada; that purpose has now been accomplished in so far as the main body of the Doukhobors willing to leave Russia is concerned. The figures supplied in the Committee's report are interesting. From April 1900 to June 1903, the American royalties amounted to over £1,600 and the English only to £260. The sales have increased in England recently owing to the production of "Resurrection" as a play: but the difference between England and America is rather startling.

Bibliographical.

It is too soon to construct the bibliography of Mr. Henley, but a few notes may be interesting in the meantime. I confine myself, of course, to what he published in book form. The first title-page on which his name figured was, apparently, that of the "Twenty Etchings by J. F. Millet," to which he contributed a biographical notice of the painter. Then there seems to have been a break till 1888, in which year, besides publishing "A Book of Verses," he wrote "stories of the plays" for the "Graphic" Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines," and a "Note on Romanticism" and biographies of the artists for an account of the Edinburgh International Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art. To 1889 belong the historical and biographical notes written for "A Century of Artists," the memorial of a Glasgow exhibition. In 1890 came "Views and Reviews" (first series) and "Slang and its Analogues" (with J. S. Farmer); in 1891, "Lyra Heroica" (anthology); in 1892, "The Song of the Sword and other Verses," the first of the "Tudor Translations" which he edited, and the volume of "Three Plays" which he wrote with R. L. Stevenson. "London Voluntaries, the Song of the Sword, and Other Verses" belongs to 1893. In 1894 we had his "English Prose" (with Mr. Whibley). With 1895 came another anthology—"A London Garland," and "Macaire" (his fourth play, with Stevenson). The edition of Burns, undertaken with Mr. Henderson, began to come out in 1896, which also saw a complete edition of the Plays, and the beginning of an enterprise destined not to be completed—the edition of Byron. "English Lyrics—Chaucer to Poe" appeared in 1897.

In 1898, besides issuing his collected Poems, Mr. Henley penned some quaterzains for Mr. Nicholson's "London Types" and an introduction to Mr. De Thierry's "Imperialism," besides sharing with Mr. George Wyndham the editing of the Poems of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. In 1898 also the essay on Burns was issued separately. In 1899 came "Hawthorn and Lavender: Songs and Madrigals," with an introduction to the works of Smollett. For "Things Seen," by G. W. Steevens (1900), Mr. Henley wrote a memoir of the author, and in the same year figured with H. F. Brown and H. G. Dakyns as an editor of the Poems of T. E. Brown. To 1900 belongs also his booklet, "For England's Sake—Verses and Songs in Time of War." In 1901 "Hawthorn and Lavender" was reprinted "with other Verses." To the Works of Hazlitt (1902) he contributed an introduction; in 1902, also, appeared the second series of "Views and Reviews"; and it is only a few weeks since his "Song of Speed" was reprinted in pamphlet form. I do not profess that the above list is complete, and shall be glad to be informed of any inaccuracies.

Talking of Mr. Meynell's "unconventional biography" of Lord Beaconsfield, one may note that, though the "official" memoir is yet to be written (or, at any rate, published), Disraeli has had biographers galore. To keep

to recent years only, there was the little monograph by Mr. Harold Gorst in the "Victorian Era" series (1900), while in 1890 there was the biographical sketch by Mr. Froude and the "Disraeli in Outline" of Mr. F. C. Brewster. These had been preceded by Mr. Keble's useful summary in the "Statesmen" series (1888). Perhaps the most readable of all the books on Lord Beaconsfield was Sir W. A. Fraser's "Disraeli and His Day" (1891), and there is some pleasant gossip about him in Sir John Skelton's "Table Talk of Shirley" (1895). All journalists have on their shelves the memoirs by T. Macknight and Francis Hitchman, which, as literature, do not count. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's unfinished "Life" of Disraeli (1878) was only a political pamphlet. And, meanwhile, best of all are the "Letters" (final edition; 1887) in which Disraeli portrayed himself between the years 1830 and 1852.

The new volume of the "Library Hazlitt" will consist, it seems, mainly of such selections from Hazlitt's criticisms of the theatre as were re-published in book form. The first of these selections was made in 1818 and issued under the title of "A View of the English Stage." This was a volume of 461 pages, covering the ground between January 1814 and June 1817. Of this, a second edition appeared in 1821. Then there came in 1851 a volume, edited by the author's son, which was entitled "Criticisms and Dramatic Essays of the English Stage." This was a book of 324 pages, of which half was taken from the "View of the English Stage," the other half being new to book form. It is to be hoped that in the "Library Hazlitt" we shall find the whole of the "View," and the new matter contained in the volume of 1851. It is to be hoped, also, that the editor has followed the excellent example set by Messrs. William Archer and R. W. Lowe in their edition of Hazlitt's "Dramatic Essays" (1895), wherein the criticisms are all properly dated, with the names of the newspapers to which they were contributed.

The fame of James Clarence Mangan continues to be well looked after by his admirers. We have already had—besides the Life by J. MacCall, and the "Poems" issued in 1859 with a biographical introduction by J. Mitchel—the selection from Mangan's Poems prefaced by a "study" by Louise I. Guiney in 1897, and in the last-named year, also, the "Life and Writings" from the pen of Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Mr. O'Donoghue now proposes to give us the complete works, in two volumes, which will contain, I gather, new matter, with a portrait and a bibliography.

The "Roman de Tristan and Iseut" which Mr. Hilaire Belloc has translated into English for Mr. Allen is that which was "traduit et restauré" by M. J. Bédier and printed in Paris three years ago. M. Bédier will be remembered as author of "Les Fabliaux: Etudes de littérature populaire et d'histoire littéraire du Moyen Age," published in 1893. He also wrote in 1901 a preface for an edition of "Aucassin et Nicolette."

A forthcoming resuscitation will be that of Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna, as Represented in the Fine Arts." This was first published in 1852, and again, in an enlarged form, in 1857. It was the third work of a trilogy of which the first two were "Sacred and Legendary Art" (1848, reprinted in 1896) and "Legends of the Monastic Orders" (1850).

It is pleasant to know that the authors of the amusing "Clara in Blunderland" have been inspired to write a sequel to it, to be called "Lost in Blunderland: the Further Adventures of Clara." The case of "Wisdom While You Wait" has recently shown us that sequels may belie their reputation and be highly successful—now and then.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Recreations in R.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES:
R—REACTIVE. By W. A. Craigie. Edited by Dr. Murray.
(Clarendon Press. 5s.)

THE trilled *R* and the short *a* after it make a sound which is often wonderfully suggestive of the thing described by the word which they initiate, or of the mood of the speaker using such a word. You feel this in words of very diverse meanings: in rapture and in racket; in ransack and in ravage; in rally and rampageous; even in raffle. All these words seem to do their work with a certain unction, and they are capable of absorbing the unction of the speaker in a remarkable degree. When a man relates that he was very hungry hear how he rasps on the first syllable of ravenous. See how Burns almost compels sympathy with the wastrels of life against the "douce folk that live by rule" in the mere rattle of his *r*'s and the vigour of his *a*'s.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scarum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin' squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Good-humour, dislike, anger, scorn, pass over these words in the act of utterance like rain or hail over a wheat-field. Witness the choleric scorn of Constance:—

What a fool art thou,
A *ramping* fool, to bray and stamp and swear
Upon my party!

Contrast with this Vanburgh's jovial, "I've a great *ramping* daughter, that stares like a heifer." A word that seems to be its own meaning is rankle: an involuntary continuance and probing of its sound is inevitable as one utters it. See how this expressive word may strengthen a whole catalogue. If you substitute "bitter" or some other adjective for rankling in the following stanza, the whole piece suffers strangely:—

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Racket, meaning noise, is probably onomatopoeic in its origin. The earliest use of it given by Mr. Craigie is Archbishop Parker's in a private letter: "I send you a letter sent to me of the racket stirred up by Withers." The word has the same sense in the Prince's remarks on Falstaff's wardrobe. "What a disgrace it is to me to remember thy name . . . or to hear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there." Newman used the word figuratively in his novel "Callista": "There is such a racket and whirl of religions on all sides of me." In the plural it may mean noisy social gatherings. In No. 97 of the "Rambler" an essay written not by Johnson (as Mr. Craigie's attribution would rather imply) but by Samuel Richardson (it is said to have had a bigger sale than any of Johnson's own papers), we are told that the women of the day are "too generally given up to negligence of domestic business, to idle amusements, and to wicked rackets, without any settled view at all but of squandering time."

An expressive obsolete word is *raddour*, meaning fear, terror. Only three examples of it are given, the latest being contemporary with Shakespeare. Gavin Douglas, in his spirited translation of the *Aeneid*, on which some writers think Scott modelled "Marmion," has—

Of dreidfull raddour trymling for affray,
The Troianys fled rycht fast.

Raff will be explained more fully under riff-raff, of which it is the second member, though some of its senses may have another origin. It is apparently obsolete in its meaning of abundance, plenty, where no very specific disparagement is intended. Isaac Barrow used the word in the sense of a number or collection. The Synod of Trent, he says, was called "to settle a raff of Errours and Superstitions." Marvell (1673) has the word in its riff-raff sense, though not precisely so, unless we accuse him of tautology: "Among the raff of the meaner and most unexperienced mariners." The next examples given are nineteenth century, and Mr. Craigie pleasantly reminds us how in "Dombey" Mrs. MacStinger said to Walter Gay, in allusion to the wooden gate across her door (put there for the protection of the little MacStingers): "A boy that can knock my door down can get over that, I should hope!" When, however, Walter did so "Mrs. MacStinger immediately demanded whether an English-woman's house was her castle or not; and whether she was to be broke in upon by 'raff.'" It is curious to note the similarity of sound between raff, rabble, and rag-tag. But, indeed, the words which express these and cognate ideas abound in Ra-words. We have—

ragabash	rantipole
ragamuffin	rantum-scantum
rag-tag	randan
rampage	rapscallion
rampallion	rascal
randy	rattlebrain

and the obsolete *rabulous* (scurrilous) and *ragmatical* (turbulent). *Ragamuffin* seems to be nothing more than rag (a shred of cloth) with a fanciful ending. It is found in literature as early as 1581. *Rampage* is stated to be obscure, though probably based on ramp. Dickens makes play with the word in "Great Expectations": where it is pronounced with awed and contemplative deliberation—and with a pleasingly misplaced hyphen—by Joe Gargery, alluding to his wife:—

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler [her cane], and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: "she Ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a-coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

Randan, Mr. Craigie suggests, is simply a variant of randon, i.e., random. Stevenson has the word twice: "He was fond of a lass and fond of a glass, and fond of a ran-dan," i.e., a spree; and in "St. Ives": "They were a' on the ran-dan last night!"

A point of London topography arises out of the word Rag-fair. Mr. Craigie defines it as "A market for the sale of old clothes, held at Houndsditch in London." He then quotes Defoe's "Colonel Jack"—we extend the quotation—"The first thing I do I'll go into Rag Fair, and buy me a pair of shoes and stockings. That's right, says I, and so will I too; so away we went together, and we bought each of us a pair of Rag Fair stockings." This was unquestionably the original Rag Fair, which was held, not in Houndsditch, but in Rosemary Lane, where Defoe's young thieves often slept in Dallow's glasshouse. Rosemary Lane is now Royal Mint Street. Rag Fair has

really nothing to do with Houndsditch, and the term has not, we think, travelled thither, though the old clothes have. The Rag associations of Royal Mint Street, or Rosemary Lane, were finally shattered when the Tower Bridge was built: but the Rag Fair where Colonel Jack clothed himself, and where Pennant saw a man clothed for fourteen pence, lives in "Sartor Resartus." "Alas, move whithersoever you may, are not the tatters and rags of superannuated worn-out Symbols (in this Ragfair of a World) dropping off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, to tether you; nay, if you shake them not aside, threatening to accumulate, and perhaps produce suffocation."

A Case to Answer.

PAGAN CHRISTS. By John M. Robertson. (Watts. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERTSON is a rationalist, and rationalism is defined for us by a convenient advertisement in the cover of this book, as "the mental attitude which unreservedly accepts the supremacy of reason, and aims at establishing a system of philosophy and ethics verifiable by experience and independent of all arbitrary assumption or authority." This is well enough in its way, but people who accept the supremacy of reason, even in less troubled spheres than that of religion, are apt to be anathema to those who wish to assert the supremacy of faith; and of this tendency Mr. Robertson, both as an independent writer and as the successor of Charles Bradlaugh in the editorship of the "National Reformer," has, we fancy, felt the full force. He would, indeed, have been more than human had he not wished to repay in kind the accusations of atheism and blasphemy which no very long time ago were showered on him by the orthodox, and it was obviously impossible that he should approach such a question as the origin of Christianity from any than a partisan standpoint. It is hardly too much to say that his dislike of Christianity shows itself on every page, and to this must be added the equally obvious fact that Mr. Robertson's knowledge of the patristic and other early writers from whom he quotes has been acquired at second hand and late in life. In saying this, we must not be understood to place any exaggerated value upon merely academic learning, and still less to echo the foolish and ungenerous claim lately put forward in certain pedantic quarters that only so-called "educated men" have a right to discuss such questions. But it is plain that he who has ground through an author in the original without prepossessions and for philological reasons must always be better prepared to appreciate any statements made by him at their proper value, than he who skims through the same author in a translation for the sake of finding arguments on a particular point.

Subject to these two cautions, we are bound to say that Mr. Robertson has written a very interesting and moderate book. His position seems to us, indeed, to be the logical and natural outcome of that assumed of late by the Higher Critics of the New Testament. As writers like Prof. Schmiedel and his collaborators claim that a prolonged study of the text enables them to pronounce that nearly all the traditional accounts of the Founder of Christianity are untrustworthy, so Mr. Robertson, after collating them with similar stories told about the founders of other religions, is able to assert that neither He nor they ever lived at all. He has little difficulty in showing that the evidence for the historical existence of Buddha, of Manes, of the alleged founder of Manichaeism, and of the Apollonius of Tyana described by Philostratus, is open to the same charges of discrepancy, vagueness, and incredibility which have been brought against the gospel narratives, and he accounts for this in the same way in all cases. According to him all ancient religions made a great point of giving dramatic representations of episodes in the supposed history of

their gods, and the memory of these, weakened by time or disuse, came at length to attach itself to the lives of mythical or, at the least, quasi-historical personages. Thus, there was certainly an Apollonius of Tyana, though all the stories that are told of him are myths. Manes, or Mani, whom he calls Manichaeus, is a mere name manufactured out of the Syriac Menahem or "Comforter," because in the legend it is said that the great heresiarch gave himself out as the Paraclete. Buddha "shrinks in the light of criticism to the vanishing point." As for Jesus, the person upon whom so many legends are fathered is probably that Jesus ben Pandira who, according to Mr. Robertson, is said in the Talmud to have been stoned and hanged on a tree at Lydda on the eve of the Passover in the reign of Alexander Jannaeus about 100 B.C. But all through Asia—and he might have added Europe and America—there was once celebrated in dramatic form the miraculous birth and life of a god who annually undergoes a passion and is eaten by his worshippers, the story being in fact a vegetation myth preserved by human sacrifice, and such stories are naturally caught hold of by priests and others interested in the foundation and spread of a new religion.

Now in this, it cannot be denied that there is a certain amount of probability and even of truth. Mr. Robertson's habit of referring us for the statements of ancient writers, not to those writers, but to passages in other books by himself, prevents our checking his evidence in detail; but it may be conceded that his account of the mysteries is in the main a true one, and that there are many incidents in the gospels which bear an astonishing resemblance to things related of the founders of other religions. But the simultaneous appearance of these may be accounted for on other grounds than that of a common origin. The mind of man seems to have worked in nearly the same manner in all ages, and a person untrained in habits of accurate observation will be found telling the same stories about an impressive but dimly remembered personality, whether it be that of Hammurabi, Alexander the Great, or Frederick Barbarossa. And again, a good deal of originally conscious borrowing in matters of ritual may be admitted. The mediæval Pope who told his missionaries that as the Saxons could not be weaned all at once from their heathen ceremonies, the same should be only modified so far as to allow of a Christian interpretation being placed upon them, did but act as wise priests have acted in all ages.

It follows from what we have said that we do not unhesitatingly accept Mr. Robertson's conclusions. Yet many of the points which he makes are worth attention. Thus he is undoubtedly right when he says that the nobility or superiority of monotheism is much too generally taken for granted, and that even comparatively low races, such as, for instance, many negroes, have professed it; that the hanging of Saul's sons was clearly an act of propitiation from the remark in Samuel that "after that, God was intreated for the land"; and that the cessation of the national sacrifice upon the Destruction of the Temple was one of the causes that furthered the spread of Christianity among the Jews. The argument that the prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane could not, by the facts of the case, have been heard and reported, also does not lack point. But the theory that both the *crurifragium* and the giving of drugs at the Crucifixion were used to prevent unseemly struggles which would have negatived the supposed theory that the victim represented a willing sacrifice, seems far-fetched; and so does his suggestion that the mock-crowning was a survival of the fact that the first human sacrifices were those of kings or kings' sons. In his assertion that the early Christians used to sacrifice a lamb upon the altar at Easter he is clearly wrong, Canon Cheetham, in his Hulsean Lectures, having shown that the passage on which the late Mr. Hatch, from whom

the story is taken, founded his argument, does not bear the construction put upon it. But in some of these matters, Mr. Robertson is only making guesses or conjectures after the very manner of the Higher Critics, which he has at least as much right to make as they. He clearly, therefore, gives them a case to answer. As to those who believe in tradition, because they have hitherto found tradition more often right than wrong, they will not be very much concerned in the controversy either way.

The "Ettrick Shepherd."

THE POEMS OF JAMES HOGG. Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by William Wallace. (Isbister. 5s.)

THE fame of the "Ettrick Shepherd" once stood high, not only in itself, but yet more as the chief and constant character (next to "Christopher North" himself) in Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." But now who knows Kit North? Who reads the "Noctes"? They have gone the way of all things topical, which buy instant celebrity at the cost of ultimate oblivion. Even the "Hind and Panther," even "Absalom and Achitophel," are they not faded, their glory known only to literary students, things of hearsay like "Hudibras"? The "Noctes," once as live and brilliant as the librettos of Mr. Gilbert, the writings of "G. B. S.," are now tedious, with patches of interest. Even a revivalist day does not dream of resurrecting them. And (apart from a lyric or two) the Shepherd has followed them into neglect. It was well, no doubt, to give us this selection from his poems, judiciously made, with a discerning introduction; but we do not conceive it will restore his tarnished fame.

"The Queen's Wake," the tissue of poems, something on the plan of Mr. William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," which made Hogg's name, occupies most of the book. Now, truth is, Hogg in the longer and more ambitious poems of this series (with one exception) is simply a dilute follower of Scott, or the school made fashionable by Scott. "Ye can never suppose that I belong to your school of chivalry," he said to Scott; but in the ruck of these poems he did, to his own ultimate scathe (though perhaps his temporary advantage) and the partial holding-under of what himself knew to be his true grit (as is shown by the remainder of the speech, the opening of which we have cited). Had he written more in his own vein, less under the fashionable influence of Scott, he might not now be the shadow of a name. His gift was minor and strictly limited, but true in its degree: it lay in the poetry of the supernatural—fairy poetry and the like. "I'm king o' the mountains and fairy school," he said to Scott; adding, characteristically, "which is a far higher ane nor yours." Well, in the poetry of nature, save where it is allied with the supernatural, he is not excellent; we would allow in this kind only the well-known "Bird of the Wilderness." And in fairy poetry he was a long way from king with the author of "Christabel" yet living. But there lay his native gift, had he kept to it. Even here, he is no artist; conventional phrase and a woeful diffuseness mar true masterliness. Perhaps, however, we are over hasty in this absolute limitation of his gift: he had a true lyric instinct, and is happy when he follows the old Scottish strain either in lyric or ballad. "When the Kye Comes Hame" is a song that deservedly lives; and other of his songs on the old Scottish model given here show a natural power. The fairy poem of "Bonny Kilmeny" is the one ambitious poem which has life and charm. That is musical and in parts delightful; but even it is too long; it would have been better and more masterly for a great deal of judicious compression. The like fault mars the half-comic ballad of "The Witch of Fife," which is streaked with real power in the supernatural. It might be better known but for its exasperating archaic spelling

—quite needless, since the words, with rare exceptions, are pronounced in modern fashion. We modernise all wilful spelling in our extract:—

The first leet night, when the new moon set,
When all was douff and mirk,
We saddled our nags wi' the moon-fern leaf,
And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

Some horses were of the broom-cow framit,
And some of the green bay-tree;
But mine was made of ane hemlock-shaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

We rade the tod down on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we hunted the howlet out of breath,
And forcid him down to fa'.

* * * * *

And when we came to the Lommond height,
So lightly we lighted down;
And we drank fra the horns that never grew
The beer that was never brewen.

Then up there rose a wee wee man
Fra neath the moss-gray stane;
His face was like the cauliflower,
For he neither had blude nor bane.

He set ane reed-pipe till his mouth
And he playit sae bonnily,
Till the gray curlew and the black-cock flew
To listen his melody.

Stripped of its vexatious spelling, even this brief specimen may suggest the gleams of real strength in the poem. It gives the idea that the preternatural ballad had in Hogg a poet of true gusto, who never reached what was in him to reach. The comic part is a mistake and intrusion. This poet, in fine, did not, we think, follow out his vocation. And he remains a name at the end of some lyrics.

Other-Worldliness.

MACEDONIAN FOLK-LORE. By G. F. Abbott. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)

THIS is an interesting and comprehensive collection of national customs and superstitions. All folk-lore has fascination for us moderns, creatures of the most unromantic and utterly material civilisation the world has seen, of the stove-pipe trouser and the brutally practical tyranny of the Stock Exchange. For it is the survival of the other-worldliness we have denied, and the imagination we scorn yet inwardly respect and secretly envy. Macedonian folk-lore has the further advantage of partial heredity from those Greek legends and traditions which, through Greek genius, "are yet a master-light of all our seeing." Gleams of that heredity quicken for every man of cultivated education details in themselves poetical, and full of the eternal childhood which belongs to all peoples that have still in their veins and nervures the sap of increase, that have not begun the dreary process of decaying at the heart, while they are externally vigorous and imposing.

Of the many strongholds in which tradition has entrenched itself, nothing is more closely welded with the popular life, and at the same time charming to our machine-turned existence, than the customs associated with the various months. In March we strike at once the trail of the ancient Greek, with his swallow-festivals and swallow-songs. What prettier or more natural recognition of returning Spring could there be than the welcoming of its herald, the swallow returning from his winter exile in foreign lands? So on the first of March the Macedonian boys deck with flowers a wooden swallow, and go a-begging (a-gooding, as it is called in what remains of

rural England) from door to door; returning thanks for trifling gifts in swallow-songs of immemorial antiquity, as their Greek ancestors had their swallow-songs, some still preserved. Another pretty superstition is for the mother to bind the child's wrist with a two-coloured thread, red and white, which it casts to the first swallow it meets. Or else it hides the thread beneath a stone; and if, when the stone is removed after some days, there be a swarm of ants beneath it, that is a token of health and a prosperous year. The "cleaning-week" which begins on the Monday before Easter is too painfully reminiscent of our own Spring-cleanings; but the Feast of Lazarus at Nigrita, with its begging-parties of boys, has a song the opening verse of which throws a curious light on the Greek view of the foreigner:—

As the Turk dallies with his steed, and the Frank with
his ship,
Even so dallies the youth with his fair one.

The Frank is to Macedonia an animal that goes down to the sea in ships—without distinction of nationality.

But the Saint of early Spring is St. George, a mediaeval knight who bears gifts, like Santa Claus. One Georgian ballad, however, is eminently Greek. A Macedonian maiden flies from a Turkish lover, and seeks asylum in a chapel of St. George. The pursuing Turk promises the Saint "cartloads of candles, cartloads of frankincense, and oil will I bring thee in big buffalo-skins. I will also be christened into thy faith, and my name shall be George." The marble walls were rent asunder and the maid came forth. The Turk seized her and sped away. Clearly, to the Greek mind, no Saint could resist so big a "deal." But from this unpoetical story let us turn to May Day and the "blue Aegean" isle of Syra, which preserved (alas! it has lately vanished) a charming memory of the old connection between Aphrodite and the sea. There, on May Day eve, the women went down to the shore and washed their feet in the sea; while the admiring men looked on amidst laughter and good-humoured horseplay. The other May Day customs are like our own old customs: the bringing home of May, the boys wreathed with wild-flowers, which they afterwards hang at their sweethearts' doors. Nor have we dwelt on the Church rites of Easter, which may substantially be seen in the few Roman Catholic churches of England where the conditions allow them to be carried out. The kindling of candles from the light carried by the celebrant; the return of the procession to the church; the knocking at the church door, with the psalm, "Lift the gates, O ye rulers of men"; the question from within the closed door, "Who is the King of Glory?" with the sequent answer from the processional singers without; the opening of the doors and entry into the church: all this is part of Western Catholic ritual.

So, also, the leaping over bonfires on the Baptist's feast in June is a pagan survival in more Western lands, besides Macedonia. But one should remark the picturesque superstition, on the Baptist's eve, which brings parties of girls into a darkened room, to gaze one by one in a mirror. Of course, the maidens to be married within the year expect to see their future husband's face, or woe betide them! Another trick is for a maid to undress before the mirror in her room, while she utters a charm; then sleep with the mirror under her pillow, that she may dream of her husband to be. Then there is an elaborate business of a pitcher set in starlight—but where girls, and lovers, and superstition conjoin, who shall make an end?

The Macedonian sprites demand a hearing. They are many, and most aristocratic of all the Neraides. For they are largely of classic descent, akin to the Naiads, Hamadryads, and Oreads of old Grecian poetry; besides a modern relationship with the Rusalkas of Russia, the Serb Vilas, the Bulgar Samodivas. In North Macedonia,

indeed, they are Samovilas, uniting the Serb and Bulgar names. Tall and slim, white clad, their golden tresses flowing, divinely beautiful, they haunt fountains and trees—half Dryad, half Nymph or Naiad, for they are associated with all water. Would you supremely praise your Macedonian girl, tell her she is beautiful as a Neraida. Would you denounce her cruelty to you, call her a Neraida's offspring. For they are cruel as fair, and to see them is fatal—you will at least lose your speech. A man near Nigrita homing through the fields saw under a tree by the way-side a young woman, decked with pieces of gold (as the peasant girls are in holiday trim). She "looked like a bride," and was exceeding fair. He spoke to her, and his "tongue was tied." Dumb he is to this day. You remember how Falstaff in the "Merry Wives" says, when he sees the fairies, "He that speaks to them shall die." You will see fountains in Macedon decked with parti-coloured threads. They are torn from the garments of wayfarers, who leave them, when they have drunk, as an offering to the Neraida, the Lady of the Fount. Nor shall you lie under a tree, save you wish a stroke from the offended Neraida. You must atone by sprinkling honey round the tree-trunk, and leaving there small sweet cakes, prepared for the purpose. So, the author reminds us, the old Greeks dared not pipe in the wood at noon, lest they molested Pan's rest-time. One moonlit night a Macedonian shepherd was keeping his sheep, when he heard the distant sound of drums, pipes, and various instruments. It came nearer, and behold a long train of dancing maids in robes of white, led by a youth carrying a wooden wine-flagon, such as the peasants use. He offered it to the shepherd, who took it, but before drinking made the sign of the cross. Maids, youth, music all vanished, but in his hand, instead of the drinking flagon, was a human skull.

Then there are the elemental spirits, of malign demon-kind; may you not hear their eldritch laughter and wailing night and day round Mount Ecato? Is there not the Passage at Vassilika—a whirlwind which springs from the Well of Murat and dies away at the Tomb of Ali; sweeping through the village with hubbub of bellowing cattle, bleating goats, grunting pigs, shrieking and wailing as of human voices, and blasting all it meets? Nay, there is the ballad of the brethren who went forth to war, and coming to a deep well, let down the youngest, Little John; who cried there was no water, but a serpent was twined round his legs. They tugged, and the black horse tugged, and slowly he came out.

When he drew out his arms, the mountains gleamed,
He draws out his sword also, and the sea gleamed.
They drew out John together with the Spirit,
They lifted their knives to cut it asunder,
But instead of the Spirit they cut the rope,
And John falls in together with the Spirit.
"Leave me, brothers, leave me and go home;
Do not tell my dear mother that I am dead,
Tell her, brothers, that I am married,
That I have taken the tombstone for a mother-in-law,
Black Earth for a wife,
And the fine grass-blades all for brothers and sisters-in-law."

The last lines have an imaginative touch rare in the popular poems Mr. Abbott gives, which certainly make no figure in translation, whatever their merits in Greek. But Macedonia has many other sprites. She has the hideous, child-killing Lamia, partly like her classic ancestress, and the bride of the ferocious Draco—who is not a dragon, but a huge man of draconic nature (as you have the Nagas, the serpent men and women of India, and the German Nibelungs with their kinship to the dragon Fafnir). He is exceedingly stupid: a bride saves herself and her party by assuring a Draco that she is nearly related to Thunder and Lightning, that she has burnt up forty of his kind, and proposes to make him the forty-first. Whereupon he disclaims the honour, and sends her off with polite bridal wishes.

Mr. Abbott appends a selection of Macedonian riddles, which are as primitive as classical jokes. In wit and humour we have certainly made some advance:—

A pitcher with a thousand chinks,
Yet ne'er lets out the water it drinks.

The answer is "a sponge." But a more representative one is "My Uncle Stubby-Jar girt with forty belts"; that is, a cask. Perhaps the best is: "Who not being born, died; and dying, was buried in his mother's womb"? The reader may not have much difficulty in answering, "Adam." It is at any rate about as good as the famous riddle of the Theban Sphinx, who was certainly luckier than she deserved to live so long before meeting an Oedipus. Go to Macedon, one concludes, for folk-lore, but stay at home for riddles.

Minor Verse from Boston.

SONNETS AND LYRICS. By Katrina Trask. THE SONG AT MIDNIGHT. By Mary M. Adams. YOUNG IVY ON OLD WALLS. By H. Arthur Powell. SUMMER SONGS IN IDLENESS. By Katherine H. McD. Jackson. SEMANOU. By H. Talbot Kummer. APRIL TWILIGHTS. By Willa Sibert Cather. THE MOTHERS. By Edward F. Hayward. (Boston: Badger.)

THERE was a time when Boston suggested very definite literary ideas; it was the home and the nursing ground of a certain phase of culture, a certain school of thought. This recollection was forced upon us the other day when we received from that city half a dozen or so books of verse, all having the same imprint, and nearly all bound in attractive brown paper covered boards. Perhaps here, we thought, we shall come across some flower of American, happily of distinctive Bostonian, song; or at least some promise of blossom, some shy beauty of reluctant bud. We began to cut the pages with anticipation and to read with active hope. But disillusion waited at our elbow, and after a time the dull music of the paper-knife became a weariness. Minor verse, at the best, is not to be read with any keen delight, but here was verse for the most part so minor that it made no more impression on the mind than a trickle of water over marble. And often it was not even minor, but merely bad. We were, therefore, driven to the conclusion that in these volumes the Bostonian tradition has no place.

We have set Miss Trask's "Sonnets and Lyrics" at the head of the list for two reasons: first, because here and there we have found touches of poetry and genuine feeling, and second, because the book is in its third edition. A third edition should imply something, and in this case that something is not far to seek. Miss Trask has ease, some sense of beauty, and occasionally thought. She is very reminiscent, very narrow in range, but at her best she may be read with some pleasure. The sonnet form suits Miss Trask best, and this, on the whole, is the best sonnet in the volume:—

Look in my eyes, my Love, and say good-bye—
Love is not love save it hath made us strong
To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng
For doing. Men may fail, but you and I
Should be invincible to live, or die;
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long,
For joys withheld, and God to answer why;
To banish yearning hope if it be vain;
To say good-bye, if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved, then we might complain
Parting were murdered possibility;
But loving, O my Love, so perfectly,
We are beyond the touch of any pain.

Of the volume entitled "The Song at Midnight" not much is to be said. The versification has neither life nor

accomplishment, yet through a good deal of it there breathes a religious tranquillity which, in its way, is pleasant enough. We cannot conceive, however, why a writer so slightly equipped should write an "Ode to Poetry"; scores of such odes have been written by those who were never in sight even of the lower slopes of Parnassus, but the wonder remains. This is how Mrs. Adams's ode begins:—

God spake and said, Let there be light;
With bridal blush East kissed the Morn;
God smiled, beholding scenes so bright:
That moment Poetry was born.

Before the meaningless striving of that second line criticism must retire baffled.

Mr. H. A. Powell, we gather from certain acknowledgments, is a contributor to magazines. Occasionally his verse is quite up to ordinary magazine level, and occasionally it rises rather above it. Some of his short lyrics have movement and fancy. The following lines, entitled "Haunted," show him at his best and worst:—

My Love is dead. Yet day and night
My Love is ever near;
For this I know by sound and sight,
And, knowing, never fear.
In drops of warm and limpid rain
His ghostly kisses come;
He whispers in the rustling grain,
Yet say they, Death is dumb!
His eyes gaze down, two pitying stars,
Into mine own upraised;
He knocks against the unseen bars—
The wood-bird stops, amazed.
And when a gauzy mist uplifts
Betwixt the earth and moon,
His own loved form the vapour rifts,
And comes a whisper: "Soon."
"Soon!"—ah, my Love, I tranquil wait,
Till death's dissolvent wine
Shall free my soul to join its mate
Beyond life's thin sky-line.

The last stanza loses all dignity and becomes purely meretricious. "Death's dissolvent wine" really means nothing. But there is some promise about Mr. Powell's work.

In "Summer Songs in Idleness" we can, unhappily, discover no promise. These songs are full of "wavy hair," and "bright stars," and the "mighty Ocean," and the "heaving Main." The trick of the capital letter is played over and over again, and the trick of the capital letter may only be effective in the most accomplished hands. For the rest the author of "Summer Songs in Idleness" writes like this; the verses are called "Penthesilea":—

Dark was the night, save, where in Heaven's Vault
The myriad stars were gleaming, diamond bright,
Like vivid jewels set in ebon crown.—

There are scores of lines neither better nor worse than these.

Miss Cather's volume, "April Twilights," has better stuff in it. There is some tenderness, some music, and some originality. Nowhere does the verse reach a high level, but it is seldom bathetic and never silly. Miss Cather, too, can get a lilt into her lines which has something of the real singing quality. We quote from the "Hills of Montmartre":—

Upon the hill above the town—
The old town pale and gray—
The other days went up and down
The country lasses gay.
Below the humming mills it shone,
Across the fields of flowers,
The city dreamlike, far away,—
The island, stream and towers.

The merry mills were going,
The country winds were blowing,
And brave the miller sings;
"Bring in, bring in, your yellow grain,
My weight is never light;
(Oh tall my mill and swift her wings!)
Bring in, bring in, your yellow grain,
And I will give you white.
Wile is my hopper for your grist,
My mill stones you may trust:
Bring in your harvest when you list
And I will give you dust."

Of the remaining volumes, "Semanoud" and "The Mothers," not much is to be said. Frankly, we see little reason why they should have been written, and none why they should have been published. There comes a point when the plain truth must be spoken.

Man an Afterthought.

PURE SOCIOLOGY. A TREATISE ON THE ORIGIN AND SPONTANEOUS DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIETY. By Lester F. Ward. (Macmillan. 17s.)

WE hope that Mr. Ward may be able to complete his proposed system of this subject by the issue of a second volume dealing with applied sociology. That he has made out his case as a collectivist against Mr. Spencer's sterner individualism we are disposed to deny; but his "gynaecocentric theory," in which he maintains that woman, or rather her sex, is essential; that life is female; that man is a mere afterthought of Nature, and that even now woman is his superior—such a thesis demands our respectful attention.

For ourselves we are convinced. Mr. Ward has brought forward no novel facts. He has merely interpreted the known data in a new fashion; and though, for certain obvious personal reasons, it was on destruction bent that we approached his views, we are bound to admit that his premisses are sound, his logic valid, and his conclusions, therefore, irrefutable.

Man is an afterthought; a wise and judicious afterthought, it is true, but none the less such. Take him at this hour and it cannot be questioned that in reason he is what he styles himself—lord of creation. But, frankly, reason may go hang. Mr. Ward has some hard knocks for the pride of intellect. He has, it is true, his chapters upon what he recognizes as the three forms of genius, inventive, creative (or æsthetic), and philosophic. But Mr. Ward is, at heart, a Comtist, and the idea conveyed in Comte's word, altruism, is for him the *summum bonum*. And herein is woman supreme and are we, from whatever source our private code of morals, all at one with Mr. Ward. But as to the past. How does Mr. Ward explain the origin of the sterner sex, how its victorious ascent, and how its present presumptuous ascendancy?

The female sex, then, you will kindly observe, is primary and the male secondary in the organic scheme. Life begins as female. Originally and normally all things centre, as it were, about the female, and the male was developed in order to accelerate organic progress. His apparent superiority in the human race, and in certain of the higher animals, is the result of adventitious causes which can be explained; it only applies to certain characters and to a relatively small number of genera and families. The prevalence of that friend of man, the androcentric theory, which makes him lord, is to be accounted for by the superficial character of our knowledge, by tradition, convention, and prejudice! Condorcet was the first to brush aside the conventional error that intellect is the only mark of superiority. He says:—

If we try to compare the moral energy of women with that of men, . . . and fix our attention on the numerous examples that they have furnished of contempt for death and

suffering, of constancy in their resolutions and their convictions, of courage and intrepidity, and of greatness of mind, we shall see that we are far from having the proof of their alleged inferiority.

Very humble were the beginnings of the male sex. Through the ages it has been developed by feminine selection. Man's reason, indeed, now used to dominate women, has been developed within him by her agency. This male brain development has enabled man to inaugurate a régime wholly different from that of the animal world. "Having become larger and physically stronger than woman, his egoistic reason, unfettered by any such sentiment as sympathy . . . led him to employ his superior strength" against woman. Wife-beating is an entirely human accomplishment. In the lowest and earliest tribes, woman was the ruler. Female supremacy has been observed in at least a score of races that are extant to-day. This condition of amazonism is found in out-of-the-way places all the world over. Probably every race has passed through that stage. It is now more than forty years since Bachofen demonstrated the widespread system of descent and inheritance in the female line among both Aryan and Semitic peoples. The idea of paternity at length arose, and gynæcocracy yielded to androcracy; for man found he was the master creature, that woman was smaller, weaker, less shrewd and cunning than he, and he has ruled her since accordingly. The consequent subjection of woman has been described in one of his noblest passages, by Mr. Spencer, in his "Principles of Ethics." The wonder is that woman did not sink still lower.

Other New Books.

WET-FLY FISHING TREATED METHODICALLY. By E. M. Tod. With Illustrations. (Sampson Low.)

MR. TOD has been fishing for about half a century. It is on the rivers and "waters" of Scotland and the north of England mainly that he has thrown his flies; these streams are different in character from those farther south, on which floating flies have been found successful; it is the practice on them, therefore, that he treats. Mr. Tod has no pretensions about literary skill, and even, save in the chapter "Concerning Flies," his method is somewhat to seek; but we must say that in a highland shooting lodge, surrounded by lochs and streams, we have found his book so agreeable that it is likely to be very appetising to anglers who, still in cities pent, are looking forward to the autumn holiday. Among Mr. Tod's reminiscences one of the most interesting recounts the ingenuity of Mark Aitken. Many years ago, Mark, who was fisherman to Lord Lothian, was hard at work trying to furnish forth trout for a dinner-party. As the fish would not look at any of his flies, "he waded in right amongst them, and discovered that the trout were not rising at any fly, or flies, but upon small round seeds, which were occasionally showered from some breeze-shaken boughs overhanging the river." Out he came; "plucked the hare's-ear body till, what with the tying silk and the remaining hare's ear, it resembled a round nob tied on a bare hook"; offered this original lure to the trout; and soon marched off with a basket of 20 lbs.! The pictures in "Wet-Fly Fishing" are good.

ST. EDMUND, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: HIS LIFE AS TOLD BY OLD ENGLISH WRITERS. Arranged by Bernard Ward. (Sands.)

MONSIGNOR WARD dedicates his labour of love to the students and ex-students of St. Edmund's College, Ware; and by them at all events, to whom the Saint's name and career are familiar, his work should be appreciated. His method has

been to gather together passages from contemporary lives, and so to arrange them as to present a portrait of the man as he was seen by those among whom he lived. The attempt, it must be at once confessed, hardly wins the success that might have been expected, and that through no fault on the part of the arranger. He has done his work with skill and discretion, but the result leaves us cold. Edmund of Abingdon made a deep impression on his times, but his times' chroniclers were no hands—that is the bald truth—at transmitting it. They were impressed by the wrong things, or at least they were mistaken as to what it was about the man that impressed them. It was not the fact that he, dashing his knees to the earth just so many times, repeated the psalter precisely so often, and cherished the discomfort of inadequate ablutions, that can account for him; nor yet the deliberate ferocity with which he chastised the poor wench who would have kissed him. The incident of the little hairshirt, his pious mother's gift to the child, we suppose would rather move mirth than emulation in the English boyhood of Old Hall; and an incorrupt body that has lost its nose shows too much of the spirit of compromise. Yet it may be, after all, the patchwork method that is really to blame.

LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Phillips Brooks. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THESE lectures were delivered five-and-twenty years ago before the Divinity School of Yale College. In treating from the outside an art of which in his career he showed himself a master, the late Bishop of Massachusetts manifests much of the charm which carried him far as a preacher and a guide of souls. He believed in the art and loved it for its own sake; he revered it as the method chosen and practised by the very Author of the "new salvation." It is the teaching of truth through personality: so he defines it; and he turns a hose of ridicule upon the mere mimic:—

The obtuseness of the imitator is amazing. I remember going years ago with an intelligent friend to hear a great orator lecture. . . . As we came away my companion seemed meditative. By-and-by he said: "Did you see where his power lay?" I felt unable to analyse and epitomise in an instant such a complex remark, and meekly I said: "No; did you?" "Yes," he replied briskly; "I watched him, and it is in the double motion of his hand. When he wanted to solemnise and calm and subdue us he turned the palm of his hand down; when he wanted to elevate and inspire us he turned the palm of his hand up. That was it." And that was all the man had seen in an eloquent speech. He was no fool, but he was an imitator. He was looking for a single secret for a multifarious effect. I suppose he has gone on from that day to this turning his hand upside down or downside up, and wondering that nobody is either solemnized or inspired.

ROMANTIC EDINBURGH. By John Geddie. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

MR. GEDDIE writes in his introduction: "The end of the old century—or the beginning of the new—seems a suitable time for the preparation of a *Vade Mecum* which the explorer of Edinburgh can conveniently take with him on his walks, or profitably peruse by the fireside." Edinburgh is a city of memories, and the links which visually bind those memories to the present are rapidly disappearing. It is not only in London that old landmarks are being swept away and new traditions prepared for our children.

Mr. Geddie's book is both descriptive and historical. He deals at reasonable length with all the sights of Edinburgh, as they exist to-day, as well as with how they existed before inevitable change made waste many of its pleasant places. The volume makes no particular claim to style. But it is as well written as a popular

guide-book need be, and the photographic illustrations are numerous and good. Certain places which usually receive scant notice are dealt with in an interesting and suggestive way.

Fiction.

MY CHANGE OF MIND. By Mrs. Atkey. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

THIS is the sort of record of human experience and individual faith which it is quite superfluous to approach from the standpoint of literary appreciation. But just because it is a record, and as such speaks of things lived rather than of dreams imagined, it bears the impress of that which so many thousands of well-made books utterly lack, the impress of conviction. The outline of the book suggests a narrative essentially commonplace both in treatment and in the external facts with which it deals. Lettice Hope is a middle-class woman whose husband is out of work and also threatened by consumption. In this evil hour she finds her way into an obscure mission room, and there, as though it were for the first time in her life, she hears the old lesson of the Christ who has redeemed and of the faith that has power to save. That is the lesson from which the tired years seem never to have torn the last shred of hope, and for this desolate woman it becomes instantly a vital truth. And the truth of this thing, not verbatim admitted but passionately imagined, illumines the little concrete incidents out of which this book is woven. The woman ceases to be commonplace from the moment in which she has learned to believe. The arid actualities by which her very being had been crushed are illumined by an alien light, and she is able to communicate something of this spiritual light to others. Of course, because of the necessities of story-telling, these psychical experiences are made to blend with the more obvious gospel of the loaves and fishes. In one short year her husband gets well and is made a partner in the very firm by which he had been dismissed. But in spite of the concessions to the constant demand for a "pretty" story "My Change of Mind" appears to us a book of genuine spiritual feeling.

MARIE-ÈVE. By Marian Bower. (Cassell. 6s.)

A TITLE, suggesting two opposite types of womanhood welded in one person, labels a story of small artistic merit. Miss Bower proves herself the wielder of that second-rate implement known as a "practised pen." To say so is to admit her possession of some enviable gifts, pathos for instance. One's heart goes out to the Anglo-French maiden, in the end more Marie than Ève, whose father takes advantage of her seclusion with the measles to win himself a widow for a second wife. One admires the drawing of this limp and selfish man and of Euphemis who "because she had been simple and direct" "began to fidget with the cups." Repeatedly Miss Bower shows that the gift of construction is all she needs to produce the fiction that counts. Her construction, alas! betrays only the popular "practised pen." Where we look for an unfolding of secrets by nuances or by some simple credible device borrowed from real life, Miss Bower appeals to delirium. Her dying soldier and haunted drunkard deliver themselves with an aptness which can only be called punctual, so much has one the sense of their receiving their cue and responding to it.

Such as it is the novel is a fantasia on female treachery. A Russian diplomatist employs the traitress to steal State-papers and to traduce his English rival. Slander is as efficacious as it usually is in novels, and we behold Marie-Ève throwing out of window the present from the man she loves, and, lest she should surrender to the hug of the Russian bear, allying herself with "a figure of red

topped by a round head, as a teapot is topped by a knob." We have only to add that Russophobia has caused Miss Bower to impress a worn-out cliché on her pages.

THE LUCK OF BARERAKES. By Caroline Marriage. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS, apparently, is a first book, and as a first book it is full of promise. Indeed, no excuse need be made for it on the score of firstliness—the story justifies itself as few novels succeed in doing. Miss Marriage has a very keen sense of that tragedy of life which is the most hopeless of all—the tragedy which springs from blood and circumstance.

"The Luck of Barerakes" deals with certain lawless folk in the North Riding a hundred years ago. There comes amongst these dalesmen a certain Scot to collect money for stock supplied the year before. The season has been a bad one, money is short, and to some of the darker spirits round an inn fire murder seems safer than an effort to pay debts. So murder is done, the actual and almost innocent instrument being Antony Heseltine, son of a rascal known as the Black Dog. The real burden falls upon a woman who, to save her good name, marries Antony, knowing that his was the hand which had driven home the knife. The woman is drawn with knowledge, sympathy, and a quite unusual grip. The misery of her life is suggested by the possibilities which lurk in her children, one of whom has the worst qualities of his race. Then the old story recurs, and the eldest son seems near to the shame which ruined his mother's life. The situation is treated with reserve and passion and true pathos.

The setting of the story is excellent, and the minor characters keep their places in the picture. Here and there the narrative lacks continuity, here and there it stumbles, but in the main the author has treated a difficult theme with uncommon skill and distinction. The story is a dialect story, and in that many readers will no doubt find a stumbling block. But such a trifling difficulty should not stand in the way of the success of a book which has so much earnestness and strength.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

INNOCENT OF A CRIME.

By CAPTAIN PAUL WITT.

The hero of this story is the son of an English Admiral residing at a French watering-place on the Bay of Biscay. He married the pilot's daughter, was disinherited by his father, and became the victim of a conspiracy which leads to his conviction for murder. "During Guy's sojourn at Marais another victim arrived there. That victim was Captain Dreyfus, en route for Devil's Island, near Cayenne." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE BÂTON SINISTER.

By GEORGE GILBERT.

"A Study of a Temperament and a Time," by the author of "In the Shadow of the Purple." The time is the reign of James II., and the temperament is that of the Duke of Monmouth, of whom the author believes that the book presents "a more faithful portrait than is usually drawn." Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, tells the story in the historical present. Mr. Gilbert writes a preface on some disputed points, and gives us a formidable list of authorities. (Long. 6s.)

THE BURDEN OF HER YOUTH.

By L. T. MEADE.

The story opens with a domestic scene in which Elinor determines to go to London and make her way. "I am twenty-one, and very vigorous, and full of life, and I am strong physically, and have some mental attainments, and a certain amount of talent." Her father, on his deathbed, had imposed upon her the burden of paying off a debt. Her struggles are sympathetically told, and the story closes with a double marriage. (Long. 6s.)

ALISON HOWARD.

By J. E. RAIT.

A modern romance opening at Santa Chiara with a conversation between an English captain and an Italian countess. "By all laws, human and divine, we belong to each other. Let us go away somewhere and begin a new life together." Thus the captain (who is engaged to the heroine of the story) to the countess, whose lord is in Abyssinia. The scene is for the most part in Italy, and towards the end of the book we hear of the Boer War. (Constable. 6s.)

BARBARA LADD.

By G. D. ROBERTS.

A New England story of the eighteenth century. The vivacious young woman whom we first meet as she runs away from her aunt's house is so obtrusively modern that we learn with surprise, in the third chapter, that the date of the story is 1769. Barbara was "an accident in her period, an irreconcilable alien to her environment." Her later adventures are interwoven with some episodes of the rebellion, but the tone of the book is modern throughout. (Constable. 6s.)

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

By A. LEAF.

Social satire of the garrulous kind recently so much in vogue. There is a coronet on the cover, and the pages bristle with the names of titled personages. The "general introduction" treats of the great War Bazaar at Queen's Hall which is described as "probably the most complete show of pretty women that has ever been assembled in so small a space." There are many social engagements, and some chapters of shady finance. The curtain falls at the opera. (Nash. 6s.)

IDYLS OF THE GASS.

By MARTHA WOLFENSTEIN.

Studies in the ghetto life of Maritz. "At the lowest part of the village, along the banks of the stream, whose windings it follows, stands a long, close, irregular double row of houses known popularly as the Judengasse (Jews'-street)." The hero of the story is a Jewish boy who had been adopted by his grandmother, and was ambitious of becoming chief rabbi. The plot is slight, but the life of the "gass" has been carefully studied. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE EPISODES OF MARGE.

By H. RIPLEY CROMARSH.

"Memoirs of a humble adventuress." Marge appears on the cover as a fashionably dressed young woman carrying a bandbox. She was the daughter of a labourer in a Cumberland village, and the first chapter describes how she stole the schoolmaster's coal and was exiled to Carlisle in consequence. She had a natural aptitude for wrongdoing, and the episodes of her career are various and entertaining. (Richards. 6s.)

THE WRONG ROAD.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

The story of a mysterious crime and of its gradual unravelment. It opens with the death of Sir Carysfort at his country seat under circumstances which suggest foul play. There is a wicked Colonel who takes to his heels, and the narrative then assumes the character of a detective story. The action moves to Cape Breton Island, and the book closes with a chapter entitled "Justice at Last." (Milne. 6s.)

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The Philosophic Mind.

SOME fifty-five years after the Crucifixion the Laodicean Greek, Epictetus, who in Rome had once been a slave to one of Nero's most shameless favourites, and had just been driven from the city in common with all other "philosophers" as a danger or a bore, came to the town of Nicopolis, which Augustus built on the bay of Actium in memory of the victory that made him master of the world. There, looking over the narrow sea where, hardly more than a century before, Antony had turned from the fight to follow the Serpent of old Nile, he spent the rest of his life discoursing on morality and behaviour to such young men as came to listen. They could hardly have been very many, for the place was outside the current of the world. If a man sought wisdom he would naturally rather go to Athens, only three or four days' journey off, where for over five hundred years all wisdom had made her home; if he wanted worship, he would go to Delphi, over the Achelous and the spurs of Pindus; and if he wanted consecrated athletics, he would cross the gulf and pass through Elis to Olympia. Though her true life was long over, at no time had Greece been more radiant in outward beauty; at no time had her ritual been richer, and her schools and temples better patronised by the wealthy and official classes of the world. Epictetus himself speaks of the natural man's longing to be in Athens or at Olympia, just as a Canadian professor might speak of a colonial's longing to be at Oxford or the Oaks. And no doubt the longing was his own. Yet we would rather imagine him making his way along the track where now the Turkish road runs from Preveza up to Janina, and after a long day's ride reaching that most ancient shrine of Zeus among the trees of Dodona. He would find a few priests there still maintaining the immemorial religion in its purity, and still hearing the voice of the god himself among the rustling leaves. In such a scene, he might, at least as truly as Matthew Arnold at the Grande Chartreuse, have used the famous words:—

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.

Stoicism is the mood of good men who wait between two worlds. It is not religion; it has no inspiration; it almost implies regret for the loss of religion. It is not even philosophy, for it sets aside speculation and is concerned almost entirely with conduct. It appears at crises when the accepted sanctions of virtue are shaken, and the leaders of society's thinking are discovering with relief that, as the sanctions are uncertain, the virtues do not matter; as though at a king's death all his laws were abrogated. Then comes the Stoic with his desperate and unyielding belief in the supreme excellence of virtue apart from all the sanctions of divinity or tradition. So far from virtue being of no matter, to him it is the only thing

that counts. The moral will, the choice of good or evil, is man's supreme faculty. To the man who chooses aright, no evil can happen either in life or death, and the virtuous life is the life according to nature—the life in which the special lines laid down by nature for a man, a woman, or a horse, are most rigidly followed, without considerations of profit, pleasure, or external authority. Against the Stoic the tyranny either of fashion or force is impotent; "If you choose," says Epictetus, "you are free." No fortune touches him; one who had lost all he had, could quietly say, "No evil has befallen me." No external power can rob you of your will. When someone complained to Epictetus, "My brother ought not to have treated me thus," he replied, "True, but he must see to that." To the righteous there is no prison, to the sinner the only prison is to abide in his sin. To the good man it is no evil to be torn in half on the rack, and if when his son has died, he be asked what evil has happened to himself, he will reply "None." With the good man's happiness the events of the outside world have no concern; "To me," said Epictetus, "there is neither robber nor earthquake."

It is magnificent. It is the apotheosis of the wrestling angel in man. The Stoic is generally said to have held the duality of man's nature in its extreme form; but in fact the bodily side almost disappears under his enthusiasm for the spirit. It was this that made Socrates "bear himself as a kinsman of the gods"; this that almost transformed Seneca from a humbug; this that taught Marcus Aurelius the possibility of virtue even in a palace; this that vibrated in the "iron string" of Emerson, and fixed Matthew Arnold's meditation on "the Eternal," and speaks again in Maeterlinck's "Sagesse." In Epictetus it took on a gentle cheerfulness, an amenity, that makes us welcome the more the little volume of "Golden Sayings" which Mr. Hastings Crossley has admirably prepared for Messrs. Macmillan, as well as Messrs. Bell's new edition of George Long's version of the "Discourses." Though he speaks of the Cynics with veneration, and almost identifies his doctrines with theirs, there was no touch of what we now call cynicism in his nature. He regarded the cynic life as a counsel of perfection in a naughty world; much as a cultivated Roman Catholic now regards the life of the early Franciscans. But to Epictetus the good man is not severed from his kind, though he keeps himself unspotted from the world. He advises his pupils to go through the ordinary stages of existence—to marry, to beget children, to follow public life, to fulfil the offices of citizenship. He directs them not to be like a traveller who, instead of returning to his country and his duties at home, hangs about at random inns upon the road for his own pleasure. He tells them to avoid the outward appearance of asceticism—not to appear unto men to fast—and is himself peculiarly careful in matters of cleanliness and decent dress and general social behaviour. "Try," he says, "to enjoy the great festival of life with other men." Those who cannot enjoy it he adjures nevertheless to abide at their post like sentries, as Socrates had taught, and it must have been only in a moment of desponding weakness that he reminded them for their comfort how the door to death always stands open. For his own part, he is resolutely cheerful—nay, he is joyous at moments. In an early chapter of the first book of his "Discourses," as his pupil Arrian noted them down, he says:—

Whether digging or ploughing or eating, should we not sing this hymn to God: "Great is God, who has given us such implements to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and the power of swallowing and digesting, and the power of unconsciously growing, and of breathing while we sleep?" What else can I do that am old and lame but sing to God? Were I a nightingale, I should do as the nightingale; were I a swan I should do as the swan; but as I am a reasonable being, I must sing to God. That is my work: I will do it, nor desert my post as long as it is granted me to hold it.

Of Stoicism on this side, too, we may say that it is magnificent. It means more than what Carlyle meant by the "cheerful Stoicism" which he considered characteristic of the British aristocracy; for we have never heard an English baronet or even an earl singing to God because he was a reasonable being. In practice it comes very near to the choice and cleanly Epicureanism of Walter Pater's Marius. It is a noble attempt to inspire the most rigid form of virtue with freedom and life and to enshrine a rose among the symbols of mortality. Inevitably it calls to mind the great verse in Wordsworth's Ode to Duty, beginning:—

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.

But in spite of this benignant grace, in spite of this solemn beauty that is so nearly divine, why is it then that the mention of Stoicism gives poor mankind the shivers, as though a superior person were walking over our graves? When we speak of Stoics, even of such an affable and benign type as Epictetus, we seem to see a procession of grey forms, enveloped in togas, stalking unmoved through this dirty puddle of a world, and betraying their mental torture only by the fixity of their smile. We know they are good men and true, we know they follow virtue, and would be turned from their path by no anguish and no form of death. We know they alone stand for righteousness when she is sorely beset. We should know all that, even if they were not continually mentioning the fact. We know also that they want to be nice to us and not to put themselves in any way above their fellow-men. We hear them imploring each other to try to enjoy life with other people—as if that were a mighty difficult task! When we meet them they manufacture a laugh, and set themselves with superhuman effort to be pleasant, like philanthropists entertaining the poor with educational games in the East-end. For all this we are grateful, for we can imagine what the effort must cost them. We recognise their virtue. In the slight chilliness and melancholy of their demeanour we see the mood of good men wandering between two worlds. We admire their positivism—the constancy with which they refuse to be put off with any fond dream that the laws of reason and arithmetic will not allow. We admire their "passionate coldness." But as poor bedraggled and bespattered mortals we take leave to remark that it is a passionate warmth rather than coldness that moves the sun and the other stars. Why is it that unreasoning mankind, in its sin and joy and weariness, may be said to love little St. Francis, but has never loved the Emperor Marcus? Or what is the immense difference between a chapter of à Kempis and a chapter of Epictetus? To bear a thing "philosophically," to cultivate the "philosophic mind," to offer the condolence of "philosophy"—there is something unreal, untrue, and abhorrent in it all—something at which man's nature shivers or laughs. Stoicism had all the virtues. We treat it with honour and respect; we do it reverence, and we pass. It is magnificent, but it is not peace.

W. E. Henley.

IN Mr. W. E. Henley has passed away a brilliant man of letters, a distinguished poet and essayist, who never gained (how should he in this our day?) his due recognition from the dormant many, while from the bright and alert few he was accorded eagerly almost more than his due recognition. By the intellectual flower of young England, so much of which passed under his personal influence and control, he was worshipped the other side of

idolatry. To all these, to those who clustered round the defiant banner of the "National Observer," and to most young minds for whom literature mattered exceedingly in those days, Mr. Henley was the Viking chief of letters, whom all delighted to follow, whose praise alone mattered, whose example set the mark for rejoicing emulation. It was often hard in those days (however clear the distinction may have become since) to tell the work of the gifted follower from that of the magnetic master; and probably it was the nearest thing which English letters has seen to the zealotry of the French Romantics for the magisterial ascendance of Victor Hugo.

Whether Mr. Henley were greater in prose or verse it would go hard to say: though one may surely foretell that the perdurable quality of poetry will in the end take revenge for its tardier instant appeal. Yet, because brilliant English and brilliant critical impressionism (appreciation is the commodious word for it) do make some swift appeal to all with any lettered sense, we may consider first the prose of this man with the rare dual gift. Whichever way you take him, the genius is unmistakable. Appreciation (briefly) resides in attempting to discover what your author has aimed to compass; and then setting forth the impression yourself retain of his success or failure to succeed in the elected aim. It is obvious that your achievement will be very much in the ratio of your sympathetic gift; as that is limited your achievement will be limited, as that is comprehensive your achievement will be comprehensive, as that is subtle or delicate your achievement will be subtle or delicate. Now Mr. Henley's sympathy is a thing very far from comprehensive; yet it were merely unjust to call it narrow. It is wide, and heartily wide, but defective—curiously, unexpectedly, perversely defective. It is comparable to the Scottish coast; an ample coast-line, yet jaggedly broken, abruptly and bafflingly discontinuous—in the racy Shakespearian phrase, *nook-shotten*—which juts forth innumerable bold projections, and is breached as brusquely with countless ragged fissures. The projections are the keen saliences of Mr. Henley's righteous perception; the fissures the startling rifts and unforeseeable lapses in that perception. When he has carried you off your feet with his inevitable rightness, he is most like to stagger you back to them by his wilful and confident wrongness. For like Ruskin, to whom he is the antithesis in many things, he is always certain, and never more certain than when he is most unsafe.

He is not, therefore, a critic to whom you can placidly yield yourself; but he is a critic invariably pungent, vital, arresting; who carries you on by storm and shock, whose misjudgments are more stimulant than other men's correctness. Since the force of his statement is so great that you are electrified into protest against his error, and the necessity of protest compels you to think. You cannot remain indifferent before this meteoric reviewer.

And that comes not alone of his mental vigour and individuality, but of his marvellous style. It is a style artificial, after its kind, as that Goliath of the Philistines, Macaulay; yet so pulsating with impulsive energy that want of nature is the last thing you have breath to think of. A world of cultured study has gone to the forging of the weapon; bickering with epigram and antithesis, glittering with the elaborate research of phrase which betokens his poetic discipline, poised shapen in its sentences with the artful and artistic hand of a consummate master; yet the fire, the off-hand virility of the man enable him to wield it with all the ease and nature imaginable. It glances with the swift and restless brilliance of a leaping salmon in sunlight. Mr. Henley's style has almost every quality, in fact, except repose and the powers dependant on repose—dignity, for instance, or simplicity; just as his criticism misses the crowning excellence of sympathetic completion and the balance which comes of calm judgment. But

had he these qualities we should not have our Henley: they are scarce compatible with the arrowy scintillation and reainless *élan* of his writing. In his most characteristic and high wrought passages antithesis, epigram, audacious paradox fly like scud on the racing wave of the sentence. With all this, though Mr. Henley learned many of his arts from France, he is ever male, sinewy, and English in essential quality, bearing his British heritage in the bones of his style.

With such character, and such executive power to manifest it, he is naturally best where he is most one at heart with the man he criticises (for the overwhelming bulk of his scant and treasurable prose-work consists of reviews—pregnant and brief). Out of the various and cosmopolitan critiques in "Views and Reviews" (chiefly French and English, however) one would pick as triumphant and magisterial Henley such things as the Labiche, Rabelais, Berlioz, Hugo, Meredith, and Disraeli. Perhaps specially the last three: they have all the very qualities and defects which might endear them to Mr. Henley. Disraeli, for instance. The unconventional Tory appeals to the unconventional Tory; the master of antithesis, epigram, and paradox to a master of epigram, paradox, and antithesis; the brilliant unrest of the one to the brilliant unrest of the other; the statesman's intolerant scorn of commonplace to the writer's intolerant scorn of commonplace; even the masterful egoism of Disraeli to a certain masterful egoism in Henley. You would expect a victorious "critique," and you have a victorious critique. There are no *lacunæ* in judgment; the reviewer is with his subject to the marrow; and you have the very Henley at his best. Flashing insight, keen unravelling of vices from merits, language rejoicing in its own point, purity, and ebullience of resourceful strength. Elsewhere you stumble over fads, blindnesses, wilful crotchets. In such essays as we have named, you are left to unhindered enjoyment and wonder.

As a poet, Mr. Henley falls into two chief periods. He gained fame with "A Book of Verses," and mostly with two sections of it; the "Hospital Poems," because nothing like them had been known in English, the "Bric-a-Brac," because very much like them was known in English. The latter fell in with a dominant fashion, the imitation of the artificial forms of old French verse; the former set a fashion. The "Hospital Poems" were in a style drawn from French exemplars; but (as we have said) it was a style unexampled in our own poetry, and had the immediate success of novelty in addition to that justly earned by the power of the verse itself. Novelty is by no means a usual poetic advantage in England, but in this case the novelty was of a kind universally comprehensible; it lay in assimilating poetry to prose—and that blessed day of the Lord when poetry *shall* be prose is a consummation for which the great heart of the British public ever yearns. In so far as it colourably resembled prose, Mr. Henley's Hospital experiment was therefore inevitably popular; in so far as it distinctly, and none the less, remained poetry, the public did not know that—did not nose the contraband ware, and allowed it to pass unsuspectingly. With a leaven of sonnets, these poems are in rhymeless lyric metres of various shapes, fashioned with cunning originality, for their peculiar function and peculiar content. Often but slightly more than squared and measured-off prose in their movement, they fit exactly the realism of the style, which admits a larger infusion of every-day and colloquial idioms or diction than poetry had ventured on before. The marrow of poetry is subtly preserved by the exceeding fitness and closeness of phrase, the intimacy of emotion; while the expression rises at need into the higher reaches of poetry.

Only Mr. Henley had the secret of this peculiar combination; which after all, while (apart from the sonnets) the shape looks so formless, is really dependant on an admirably sure instinct of form. The marvellous sonnet

descriptive of Stevenson (which is in the style of the Hospital poems, though it has but an accidental connection with them) is really as much matter of perfect form and phrase as the Bric-a-Brac poems, which are avowed exercises in the most artificial kinds of form. Hence it is not surprising that Mr. Henley's success in these is perfect as in the rugged realism of the Hospital section. They are handled with a lightness, a deftness, which naturalises this alien and unnatural form as few of its English devotees have succeeded in doing. The Ballade "Of a Toyokuni Colour-Print" with its refrain, "I loved you once in old Japan"—sketched with sparing, graceful lines which are themselves Japanese in quality:—

Clear shine the hills; the rice-fields round
Two cranes are circling; sleepy and slow,
A blue canal the lake's blue bound
Breaks at the bamboo-bridge; and lo!
Touched with the sundown's spirit and glow,
I see you turn, with flirited fan,
Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow . . .
I loved you once in old Japan!

That, or the Double Ballade "Of Life and Fate," as sprightly and charming a dance of words as may be penned in its gay trifling, show what a master of verse at play was the stern poet of "In Hospital," with its manner and metres grim, bare, and saturnine in severe structuralness as the Hospital itself.

Scattered through this volume were strains of a higher mood, suggesting a more inward poetry than the rest. But as a whole, this first book showed Mr. Henley as a poet after the Gallic fashion, which (at least till very recently, and regarding the general type of the national genius) is, like that of the Greeks, rather an artistic than a poetic fashion of song. The French poetic genius has always depended for excellence on formal and structural perfection, has been a chiselled and carven thing. The same reliance on a severely architectural perfection marked the Greek poetry: so that Heine said there was more poetry in Shakespeare than in all the Greek poets together, except Aristophanes. English poetry, on the contrary, is the ideal of a poetry completely distinguished from art, depending on an inward and indescribable spirit which perhaps (though the word breeds confusion, yet for lack of a better) we may call the romantic spirit. Mr. Henley's first book belonged to artistic and Gallic poetry, an objective thing, a thing of form and carving. But the "London Voluntaries" showed him as an absolutely English poet. He had attained a far higher poetry, full of the romantic spirit, which animated and formed the form instead of depending on it. Need we say that (as a matter of course) the new book failed of the popularity gained by the earlier? The poems called "London Voluntaries" were the most patent sign and result of this poetic advance: it is on these and the lyrics which companioned them that Mr. Henley's final fame will most surely rest. They are in so-called "irregular" lyric metre, ebbing and flowing with the emotion itself. Irregular it is not, though the law is concealed. Only a most delicate response to the behests of inspiration can make such verse successful. As some persons have an instinctive sense of orientation by which they always know the quarter of the East, so the poet with this gift has a subtle sense of hidden metrical law, and in his most seeming-vagrant metre revolves always (so to speak) round a felt though invisible centre of obedience. Mr. Henley has the sense fully. In these "Voluntaries" a rich and lovely verbal magic is mated with metre that comes and goes like the heaving of the Muse's bosom—

The ancient river singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.

Or again:—

The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.

Such things as these are obvious and clamorous beauties. But the exquisitely textured and remotely magical passages which cannot be shut up in a line or two—these we dare not begin to quote, lest we make no end. We might venture with—

The still, delicious night, not yet aware
In any of her innumerable nests
Of that first sudden plash of dawn,
Clear, sapphire, luminous, large.

But the passage broadens into beauty, drawing us on, and we have to stop, feeling we have been guilty of mere mutilation. Mr. Henley's sense of words, and gift of conveying the inmost feeling of a scene, is in these poems supreme. And what shall one say of "The Song of the Sword," which rings like the cry of the Viking Raven fluttering her wings for battle? What of little lyrics like "You played and sang a snatch of song"? It conveys the very regret of "old, unhappy, far-off things." In this book Mr. Henley, artist to the last, has touched the inner springs of poetry. If his leading trait is a ragged strength and faithfulness to the thing seen or known, such as looks from his bust by Rodin, he has also the capacity for sudden intimacies of beauty or feeling which is the birthright of strength. Not much more gravely and poignantly tender has been written than the rhymeless lyric, "When you wake in your crib," while the minor lyrics cover a very various range of quality. From the direct truth of "In Hospital" to the gates of romance in the later book, you have measured a compass very unique, and this romance is drawn from the stony ground of London. Perhaps, indeed, it is as the poet of London that he will best be remembered.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Prose Style Once More.

A COURTEOUS correspondent has referred me to Mr. Frederic Harrison's dictum on prose style: "Speak out frankly that which you have thought out in your own brain and have felt within your own soul. This, and this alone, creates a perfect style." But is not this to deny every external standard of taste? Will not, then, a style be good just in so far as it speaks out boldly the writer's thought, however inconsistent or wild or biassed, and not in so far as it is a fitting expression of a healthy mind? Now, the very essence of art is the beautiful; this is its distinguishing note, its chief constituent; but such a style as Mr. Harrison would regard as perfect may be simply a kind of realism. Macaulay's style was a perfect expression of his thought, but was it therefore great? Moreover, there were in it "artifices, tricks, fashions," which Mr. Harrison, and rightly, abjures; and those, too, pronounced, if not very varied. Certainly, the greatest prose styles, as, for example, Swift's, are free from any distinct artifice, though I do not mean by this that they do not very often—nay, always—show a certain peculiarity of phrase. In like manner, to say that the substance of a book is that which chiefly matters may, I think, lead us wrong, but I am far from denying that it is, if rightly interpreted, true. For the antithesis between form and matter, though we make it in thought and language, is surely false: these two, when taken together, are the substance, and there is nothing else. But a superficial interpretation is likely to be set upon it. Let me give an illustration of what I mean. We may call the works of Mr. Darwin great books, but I do not imagine that we should call them great art. The substance of them (and here I use the word in the narrower sense, which is also the commonplace) may from a certain point of view be more important to us many

times than that of Newman's "Apologia" or his "Grammar of Assent"; and yet these works of Newman are structures of fine art, and express, I am sure, a soul more subtle, sweet, delicate, more truly wholesome, more generally developed. And this brings me to ask the question whether scientific truth, which is important to us, and yet is not at present very beautiful, any more than a demonstration of Euclid, can give birth to such excellent works of art as, let us say, the mythology of the antique world. For indeed one feels that in putting together a scientific treatise the whole soul of the writer is but seldom, if ever, at work in its criticism of life and the world. We may have a frank and bold exposition of what appears to the author's mind, but we may all the while be contemplating "a spirit bounded and poor." So, again, it may be pronounced of Pascal's "Provincial Letters" that they have an ephemeral topic, but do we not feel that his treatment is immortal? Have we not here at work a soul pure, charming, gravely ironical; and, therefore, of so much help to us in the formation of our own minds? Something like this is the meaning of the constantly cited question, which should never be asked, as likely to raise a false issue—which is the more important, what we say or how we say it? Of course, in urging that the Attic was the style of best make, I assumed the presence not only of the aesthetic taste and the intellectual power, but also of that artistic faculty, which orders and correlates our thoughts when we put them into words. For "art is concerned with production," and it is clear that this aesthetic sense is not always creative, as, indeed, we know daily from experience. The old Greeks, when they had said a thing perfectly, were fearful of saying it over again in a less excellent way. And yet this genius for perfect expression, at once simple, accurate and beautiful, was a wonderful part of the writer's soul. I conclude, then, that the fulness of the author's mind must be thrown, as it were, into every word he writes. A style, which is bold and frank, as Carlyle's, may ever so often lack measure and proportion; the charm of frankness, strongly as we may sympathise with it, is not in itself the charm of simplicity as well; and so I do not think that Mr. Harrison's judgment is either a test of literary art or an adequate description of the best prose style. It would refuse by implication a necessary place to the sense of beauty in the highest form of the human mind. Art is pleasurable, it must give delight; but the contemplation of a simply bold and frank style, lacking in all the graces of form, can scarcely elevate us or draw out of us the instinctive love of the beautiful. For how can great art be produced without the artistic faculty? And so I should myself say that the classic author with a vivid sense and appreciation of order, of simplicity, of "the living grace of words," of "lucid exposition," as Horace calls them, must instinctively employ his skill in the fit ordering of his compositions. That this is an ingenious trick or an artifice, I should heartily deny; for what is it but the overwhelming ever-present desire for an unattainable perfection in his mind, seeking to express itself in his own literary creations, which he is enabled to do by this artistic faculty of which I spoke? If I may use the illustration, I should say that it is no more an artifice than noble manners, which "are the fruit of noble mind." And the whole tenor of this view is that the best prose style admits, as I would maintain, of as adequate expression as the conditions of the work and subject will allow, of the virtues of the highest conceivable type of temper and intellect. It is but an incomplete criticism, which demands a sense of proportion in the thought, and not in the style also. For the medium would be inadequate and deceptive; it would lose for us half its charm. And, again, when we speak of a style as a thing of power, what do we mean but that it conveys to us some visible representation of its author's impressive qualities of mind, be they earnestness, dignity, balance, subtlety, penetration,

or all of these, as the case may be? Not, to be sure, some merely alluring device of rhetoric, an antithesis or an illogical appeal. These qualities of the mind it is that impart to the style its peculiar flavour; they kindle through the written word a feeling of admiration for the genius of some sublime or beautiful personality. In the classic authors of the past, in the history of letters, in the great works of finely-gifted men, so fruitful in suggestion and joy to so many succeeding generations, we find this to be the case. Critics have, of course, differed intensely in regard to the relative merits of various authors and their styles. The personal aspect, for the true critic also judges with his whole soul, will ever have weight in determining our views. But after all, for the masses of men the absolute value of a writer is the most important of facts, the distinction not so much between degrees of excellence as between the good and the bad or the indifferent. But in order to get a luminous idea of what is good in style, we must have a test, an ideal, which is, I think, best given to us in such considerations as I have instanced. Nor should we ever forget that, strictly speaking, he has no legitimate place in art, upon whose words the gods have set no crown of grace.

H. P. C.

Impressions.

Wonder.

I SAT in the garden with a book. The air was hay-scented, but the lingering twilight had hidden the fragrant meadow, and I could only just distinguish the passage I was reading. Thus it came to my peering eyes: "The ancient Greeks recognised four elements, fire, air, water, and earth. The Pythagoreans added a fifth and called it ether, the fifth essence which they said flew upward at creation and out of it the stars were made." Then I closed the book, looked up, and again I saw the miracle. On the crest of the hill low down behind the trees appeared a light glowing like a conflagration, but moving. Slowly she crept upwards, growing paler as she moved, till the round disc was clear of the trees, and in the silent night the wonder of moonrise was repeated.

I sat there in the hay-scented air, my face upraised, brooding over the ever-new spectacle, remembering those Pythagoreans whose thoughts had also turned upwards, and recalling two sights I had seen that day, both in the air, both arousing wonder in the observers. And the wonder of the first had been the wonder of a dog. He sat on the margin of a lake to which my wanderings of the day had brought me: he sat nose in the air, staring at his master who was performing feats unparalleled in canine circles. Near the end of the lake a scaffolding, tall as a church steeple, had been raised, and the man was practising high diving for the sports that were to be held in the afternoon. One time he would turn two summersaults in the air, then enter the water head first with a clean, swift cut; another time he would dive straight from the platform, but whatever method he chose the wonder in the dog's eyes never changed. The antics of his master's bright body darting through the air fascinated that dog, filled him with all the wonder that possessed the Pythagoreans when they imagined the fifth essence flying upwards to make the stars.

The second sight was the wonder of a great multitude, who broke off their duty or their pleasure to gaze upon a sight that had never been seen before above London. It was late in the afternoon when suddenly high in the clouds appeared the airship. It was in two parts, the upper portion like a great torpedo, the lower a flimsy car suspended by ropes and rocking perilously in the wind.

It swept along, making a straight course through the air, alone in the firmament, a gigantic beast, controlled by a dot in the swaying car. We watched it sweep through the sky, then it dipped below the houses, and we saw it no more. All the world of London was gazing while it passed. For this was a sight to recall in after years, to prattle about round the fire on winter evenings, to nod the octogenarian head over and murmur remembrances of the first airship sailing over London. And as I went homeward the passage of that harbinger of the conquest of the air was still exciting the world of London. Groups were gathered at the street corners, pointing to the sky, gesticulating, and describing the passage of the airship through the void.

Of these things I thought as I sat in the hay-scented garden; of that fancy of the Pythagoreans, of the dumb wonder of the dog, of London's upturned face gazing in amazement at the sky. Then I came back to earth, to the evening paper, and read that the endeavour to sail the airship had been unsuccessful, that after a spasmodic attempt it had bumped to earth again, and that finally the inventor had removed the motor, treated the machine as a balloon, and so sailed away.

But our wonder had been real enough while it lasted, as real as the belief of the Pythagoreans. They had never discovered their error: I had, and what did the knowledge profit me? Perhaps the experience of the dog was the happier—wonder smeared with no disillusion, faith undestroyed, and the certain hope that he would have again, after a little while, sense of his master's companionship.

Drama.

Two Masques.

IF I were a millionaire, and if my taste had survived the moral and intellectual degradation incidental to the process of becoming a millionaire, I would certainly entertain my friends with masques. The masque is infinitely better than the masked ball, because you watch other people dancing, instead of taking the trouble to dance yourself. It is extremely pretty; it makes no demand upon a jaded brain; and it affords an admirable opportunity for paying a delicate compliment to a royal or titled guest. Also it has this great advantage, for a millionaire, that you can spend any amount upon it. Several kings, including Henry the Eighth, have brought themselves into serious financial difficulties through the habit of giving masques.

These reflections arise out of the performances by the "Mermaid Society" of two seventeenth century masques, Milton's "Comus" and Ben Jonson's "The Hue and Cry after Cupid," in the umbrageous recesses of the Botanic Gardens. The "Mermaid Society" is a new institution, which proposes to itself an interesting programme of archaeological revivals, and is to be welcomed accordingly. One ought, perhaps, to insist upon it that a masque is not a play, and that the convention of a stage, even where that stage is only a fragment of a lawn fenced off, is one to be avoided. This is, of course, largely a matter of origins. The masque, as a court entertainment, grew out of the mumming; and the mumming was in its essence the visit of disguised friends to a private house to wish it joy, either at the New Year or at some high domestic event, such as nuptials or christening. The disguising was with masks, especially beast-masks, because the whole ceremony was a survival of the procession at a village festival of the rout of worshippers, clad in the heads and skins of the sacrificial animals, to bear the virtue of the sacrifice from house to house of the community.

Naturally the masque was sophisticated a good deal when the poets and architects and musicians got on to it. But the notion of a friendly visit still clung about it. The performers never sought, like the actors of a play, after detachment from the audience, for the sake of creating an illusion. They came in among the guests, addressed them directly, led the ladies out to dance, and did obeisance or presented gifts to Gloriana or any other personage in the company whom the contriver of the masque especially designed to honour. I do not think that the "Mermaid Society" aimed quite sufficiently at establishing these intimate relations between performers and audience. "Comus" was originally played before the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater at Ludlow Castle. The parts of the Lady and the Brothers were taken by their children, who are presented to them at the end by the Attendant Spirit. Similarly "The Hue and Cry after Cupid" was given at the wedding of Viscount Haddington, and at the end the bride and bridegroom are led forward by Hymen. Obviously the persons to be complimented were in both cases seated amongst the audience, and the masquers approached them there. The "Mermaid Society" treated them as being amongst the characters represented, and thus missed a typical feature in the conception of a masque.

Apart from this archaeological slip, the performances were delightful. The masquers had learnt to speak in the open air, and had caught the poetry and grace of their task. The spot was well chosen. On one side the lawn sloped upwards and alleys ran back into the mystery of the wood. On the other lay the lake with its "rushy-fringed bank," and over this "Sabrina fair," called upon by the Spirit to free the lady from her spell, came gliding in a barge with very charming effect. Of the two great poets whose works were played, I think there can be no doubt that the lesser man proved himself the better masque-writer. "Comus" is full of exquisite poetry, but it is the work of a very young and very serious man, and the ethical burden strikes one as a little more than the airy structure of a masque can very well bear. Moreover, except for the Sabrina episode, it is not written with much of an eye for scenic effect. There are long harangues, and meanwhile the Comus rout, which ought to have had much more chance to frisk and wanton, has to lie idling about the stage. The morris-dance and the pavane with which the piece concluded were pretty, but a morris-dance without bells is an innovation which I do not commend. "The Hue and Cry after Cupid" is another matter altogether, and one was struck once again with the old amazement that a lusty rough-hewn ruffian of a poet like Ben Jonson, with "his mountain belly and his rocky face," should have had it in him to produce such dainty trifling. The thing is as slight as it can be. The pink little winged and quivered Cupid has escaped and drifts across the lawn in flight. His mother and the three Graces come searching for him on the moonlit grass, and entreat the audience if they have got him to give him up, for he is dangerous. Then Cupid leads in a little bevy of spirits who dance with lighted torches. And finally, accompanied by Hymen, he brings in the latest victims of his bow, the bride and bridegroom in whose honour the masque is presented. But it is all done with the abundance of poetry, the ready and appropriate mythology and the complete knowledge of the limits and capabilities of his *genre*, which make Ben Jonson on this ground unapproachable. I should have been glad to have seen the second production of the "Mermaid Society" which was "The Faithful Shepherdess" of John Fletcher, but a sudden craving for a little fresh air in a land of real shepherds made it impossible for me to go. The Society is to be congratulated on its enterprise, and has my best wishes for its success.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

"The Thunderbolt of Painting."

THE supreme colourists, according to Ruskin, are seven—Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, Tintoretto, Corregio, Reynolds, and Turner. These names dominate the colour world, and as they flash turn by turn upon us, we re-consider them, re-visit their pictures, turn the leaves of their lives, recall their splendour, and mark the trail of it through the centuries. To-day it is Tintoretto, for this reason: Last Friday in the Venetian room of the National Gallery I marked a change. Railings had been placed on either side of the western doorway of the Venetian room, and, behind them, each hanging alone, were the two great Tintoretto's from Hampton Court, lately lent by the King. They look better here than at the Old Masters Exhibition where they were shown last winter. Since then those who care for such matters may have read Mr. J. B. S. Holborn's small book on Tintoretto in Messrs. Bell's series, and may have formed in their minds a picture of the last of the great Venetians, the "little dyer," the most prolific painter the world has ever known, the worker of untiring energy, the splasher of colossal brush strokes, "painting tree-trunks in two touches apiece," whose "Paradise" in the Ducal Palace at Venice is eighty feet long, whose dashing vigour in painting earned him the epithet of "Il Furioso," who was a pupil of Titian's, and according to Ridolfi animated "the little worm of jealousy" in his master's breast, and who chose as his motto, writing it on the walls of his studio, "The design of Michelangelo and the colouring of Titian."

The magnitude of Tintoretto's production appals one: in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice there are over fifty pictures and panels by him, including "The Crucifixion," which the guide-books call his masterpiece. One picture a year was his arrangement with the brotherhood of San Rocco, and it was by a characteristic piece of audacity that he obtained this commission. When the members of the brotherhood invited the painters of Venice to offer designs, Tintoretto sent in a finished picture: when they hesitated, submitting that he had overridden the rules of the competition, he offered the picture as a gift, and as their rules forbade them to refuse anything given to the Saint, and "because the picture was very good," they accepted it, received this whirlwind painter into the brotherhood, and let him work his will upon their walls. He possessed the greatest brain ever owned by a painter, says Vasari, which is interesting as an expression of opinion: sure it is that Tintoretto had a merry heart, vitality in abundance, a rough and ready disregard of conventions, and that quality which nowadays we call push. He was as great a worker as Dumas, and like him a mover of mountains. Who, knowing something of Tintoretto, ever walks through that narrow, busy street in Venice leading from the Clock Tower in St. Mark's Square without thinking of him. There it was that Tintoretto once exhibited two portraits, and he illuminated them by artificial light. It was a novel idea, and no wonder this precursor of the modern method of titillating the interest of the passer-by created a sensation. But this showman's trick was far from being quintessential in Tintoretto's nature: it was a flame of his exuberance—no more. A grave, strong man he looks in the portrait he painted of himself for the Uffizi, his hair and beard white, power in the deep-browed head, force in the hand, and in the body something of the gathered-in strength of the couchant lion.

Yet I doubt if this thunderbolt of painting, as J. A. Symonds called him, whose name thunders and flashes, filling great spaces, through Ruskin's pages, is one of the idols in this country. He is too facile, too robust, too Titanic, too unequal. On the day of my visit to the National Gallery a student was laboriously copying "The

Creation of the Milky Way," but the two great Hampton Court pictures were neglected. But surrender yourself to his "Muses on Olympus" and the mastery of these abundant nudes, so well modelled, so well set in the picture, rolling in and out of the light against the sun-torn sky, captivates, even if you are conscious of lukewarm fealty to the grand manner. Another Tintoretto in this room, the "Christ Washing His Disciples' Feet," shows "Il Furioso" in a different manner, the painter of the poetry of chiaroscuro, "expressing moods" (to quote Mr. J. A. Symonds) "of passion and emotion by brusque lights, luminous half-shadows, and semi-opaque darkness." One looks at the kneeling central figure with astonishment. What intention was there in the painter's mind when he made the figure of Christ so inconspicuous, gave him that primitive unidealised head, and that expression of mild amusement at Peter's discomfort? For a parallel we must go to the "sceptical angel" in Leonardo's "Our Lady of the Rocks." Yet Tintoretto could make his central figure majestic when he chose. There are three of his pictures where the central figure has so graven itself on my memory that I remembered little else about the pictures until they were recalled by the reproductions in Mr. Holborn's book. One was the austere, resigned figure of Christ towering above Pilate's head in the "Christ before Pilate" in San Rocco; the second was the gigantic figure on the cross in the "Crucifixion," making you oblivious of the rush and huddle of life below; the third was St. Mark, at Milan, that arrogant dramatic figure dominating the barrel-vaulted chamber where they seek his body.

Mr. Holborn is learned in Tintoretto lore, and enthusiastic in his service, to the point of making invidious comparisons between his idol and Titian. Thrilled by Tintoretto's "Crucifixion" at San Cassiano, Venice, Mr. Holborn remarks: "Titian never painted such a picture; his loftiest conception was of the earth earthy." Well, there are people who would rush into the fray and break a lance in Titian's service. But for most of us the time has gone by for such encounters. I can sympathise with Mr. Holborn's enthusiasm, and his paeans of rejoicing over various Tintoretos, but his enthusiasm would carry more weight if it was not so persistent. Many think, says Mr. Holborn, that "The Death of Abel" is "unsurpassed in the world, but it is because they have not seen the 'Adam and Eve.'" Later, speaking of four works, including the Hampton Court pictures, the phrase "miracles of art" trips from his pen. Tintoretto's "Last Supper" in S. Paolo, Venice, is "one of the greatest canvases in the world," and "The Crucifixion" at San Rocco "can lay claim to be the greatest in the world. . . . We can only stand and admire." "If comparisons are to be made at all, there is only one man who can be said to be the greatest painter that has yet lived," and so on.

That is Mr. Holborn's view of Tintoretto, and if all cannot agree with him, he has good men on his side. The late Mr. J. A. Symonds, for example, who considered "The Temptation of Adam" in the Ducal Palace "the most beautiful picture in existence." This picture does not appeal to me, but turning the pages of Mr. Holborn's book I find myself looking repeatedly at the reproduction of "The Last Supper" at San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice. It is a cataclysmic picture, full of noise and bustle and unrest. There is not a place, except a few feet of tiled floor, on which the eye can repose; but what power it has, with the Michelangesque apostles, and attendants, and the clouds of angels born out of the smoke from the flaming brazier. It does not realise in the slightest degree the silent sorrow that a few painters have wrought into this scene, any more than Tintoretto's "Nine Muses" tallies with any dream I may have had of the way the Muses rusticated on Olympus. But I am not "Il Furioso," or a thunderbolt of criticism.

Tintoretto, we are told, influenced Velasquez, but the great Spaniard stalked uncloaked through the gusts that blew from the great Venetian. After that morning with the Tintoretos in the Venetian room of the National Gallery, I promised myself the tonic of a visit to the Spanish room, and there found it, in that superb enigma by Velasquez, "Christ at the Column."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Function of Science.

ONE can conceive of science as serving to relieve the probably intolerable ennui of some planet which had no needs and no aspirations. Such is not our state, however, and it ought to be made clear what is the function of science on a sorry planet such as this. Intellectual titillation is a pleasant enough sensation, to which science may be made to serve as an efficient stimulus. Such a function, however, is at best ethically neutral; and more probably ethically indefensible. This pleasing irritation of the curious mind of man, which has "sought out many inventions," as Ecclesiastes tells us, plays no unimportant part as a motive force in the case of many thinkers and doers of these and other times: but its satisfaction is an unworthy end in itself. A far higher function is that of cherishing the religious component in man's nature, his aspiration towards the infinite, his attitude of wonder. Says Carlyle, "Does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? . . . For myself, . . . I seem to see in this indestructibility of hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall." In a Newton or a Spencer we see clearly enough how high is the rôle of science as a path to reverence. Emerson, in his transcendental way, can conceive of a teacher who should "see the identity of gravitation with purity of heart." Wordsworth found in mathematical truth "a type, for finite natures, of the one supreme existence." Yet one cannot but feel that these men are not such because of science. This is their quality of soul, and by it science may be put to such purpose, as by all of us in our measure. But so many others there are in whom science works no such high elevation of soul, but rather the reverse, and in whose case one feels that as far as their personal salvation is concerned they would have been better with poetry, or music, or children, than with facts and formulae.

There have ever been many eloquently to write of truth, of the love of knowledge for its own high sake, of wisdom as "more precious than rubies"—not in the sense in which Solomon indited that phrase, but as if wisdom had an absolute value. About this attitude towards science or wisdom there is a specious splendour; it seems elevated, detached, academic, impersonal, godlike, philosophic. But in all ages the greatest protagonists of wisdom have been men who saw in it a remedy for human ills. If it be not so—if ignorance be bliss—then assuredly 'tis folly to be wise. If your science—which you love for its own sake—is going to prove that there is no heaven—a question before which science, knowing its own limitations, should be silent—then away with it. What says Stevenson: "We had needs invent heaven if it had not been revealed to us; there are some things that fall so bitterly ill on this side [time!]" Better an invented heaven than none—for the majority of temperaments. In other words, if a good-going lie will lighten anyone's burden it has my knee; to Mars or the dogs with so-called truth in such a case. If you have ever stood beside a mother whilst she watched a baby die, and it has been

possible to comfort her with a lie, you did not hesitate to palter with truth to serve the hour, and were glad of the chance. This is immoral, some say; can they prove it so? And so I profess myself a camp-follower of Comte, and Spencer, and Aristotle, who all agree in this, that the function of science is to minister to the needs of a necessitous earth. I confess to the frankest utilitarianism. If indeed you cannot tell Schumann's "Mondnacht" from Luther's "Old Hundredth," or a Turner water-colour from an oleograph; if you are without friends or foes; and if science interests you as such, and is going to make you, and therefore those you encounter, happier, heaven forefend that you should abandon science; for therein she will be serving, though indirectly, her highest function, which is the furtherance of the good of mankind. Nor do we care how it be done. Whether science merely makes her students nicer to live with; or abolishes the legal crimes which convict a Jane Cakebread one or two hundred times—as if the poor wretch were responsible; or filters your water; or provides you with a machine by which you may speak to your love across the Atlantic so that "the dumb sea-levels thrill to hear"—how it be done matters not, if it be well done.

The crown and end of all science and all the sciences is therefore Sociology; the most difficult and complex as it is the most intimate and, if you consider it, the most extensively studied of all. For each of us lives out his or her own social theories. France, in the person of Auguste Comte, gave us the word. England, however, in the person of Herbert Spencer, has given to the world the fundamental principles of the science. Widely as these philosophers differ, they alike place Sociology, in their filiation of the sciences, as the highest but one; ethics, which they regard as the culmination, being a direct deduction—could we make it—from Sociology. It is therefore good to hear that we are at last, in the very land of Spencer, to have a Sociological Society. We already have a Numismatical Society—Spencer's irony is very delightful on the subject of numismatics—and, I doubt not, a Philatelic Society: they have their reward. We already have the Churches, which attack the problems of Sociology from their own standpoint, often with conspicuous success. But in an age when the opinion is beginning to crystallise that a church is either a social force or a social excrescence, it is none too soon that we are to have a properly constituted and dedicated Sociological Society which shall avail itself of the work of all other scientific societies whatever. That great hopes may be entertained the names of the promoters sufficiently attest. Men like Professors Bain, Sully, and Geddes, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, and Dr. Maudsley, not to mention Mr. C. S. Loch, Mr. H. G. Wells and another score, are serious people—there is hardly a higher compliment—and predestined for serious work.

If one had a thousand columns, one might set down a few of the things they have to do. The problems are innumerable, but perhaps most important is the theorem, to use the Euclidean distinction. It is the ever-present and omnipresent question of the man versus the State, individualism versus collectivism. The other day I discussed racial decay, and last week we were promised a Royal Commission upon the matter. One wonders how many Sociologists, such as those whose names I have mentioned, will find a seat upon it. The underlying question is this fundamental one of the man (or the parent, or the family) versus the State. Where Comte and Spencer differ, who shall decide? Certainly not this deponent: but let us just observe what the State does now-a-days. It educates, as best it may, the children of the people—an unsound principle, says Spencer. It provides them with mental food, so to put it. But not with physical food. The parent does, or rather does not, that. The present situation is that the State endeavours to teach half-starved, or half-poisoned children: and now it is

proposed by Sir John Gorst that the State shall send the child its breakfast when the parent does not—or will not—provide it. To be consistent the State should feed the child as well as educate it. By the latter process it has already undermined the sense of parental responsibility, and the sooner it takes the consequences the better. It is, of course, a "fag" to teach one's children. It is also, as biography tells us, an incomparable boon to the child—but that does not matter. It is also, of course, a "fag" to feed one's children: for plainly one has more hours in bed or at the piano oneself if the State looks after that little affair.

The answer to such vital questions as this is only to be provided by Science. And it is because Science does fulfil a function so worthy; because wisdom, like poetry and art and love, is on the side of the angels and the children, that one is justified in espousing her, and in attempting to sing her praises.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Circumstantial Evidence.

SIR,—In the interests of the facts, and as Mr. Andrew Lang's pleasant article in the "Morning Post" on my recent paper will increase the public knowledge of them, may I qualify one of my statements which, as Mr. Hutchinson has said to me, might be misinterpreted. The remark I attributed to him, "The Hindu eats no fish, is dirty, is not a leper," was only relative. Many unconverted Hindus are, of course, leprous; but in smaller proportion than their Roman Catholic brethren. Also the statement that Lord George Hamilton was convinced of the truth of the fish-hypothesis was based by me on his remarks about the connection, new to him, between the salt tax and leprosy, as affecting the perfection with which fish are cured. This observation, definitely implying belief, was made by Lord George Hamilton at Mr. Hutchinson's recent Polyclinic lecture, over which he presided. My deduction from it must not be thought to be based on anything said by Mr. Hutchinson himself to me; Lord George Hamilton having made no explicit avowal of adherence to Mr. Hutchinson's views.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

Incorrect Translation.

SIR,—In an article on Literary Geography in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for July, on page 372, the following passage occurs: "'Here,' she chronicles, 'the Abbé Liszt used often to extemporise, when his hands wandered over the white keys, with that delicate mother-o'-pearl touch of his (les mains erraient sur le clavier aux touches de nacre) while George Sand would sit near the fire,'" &c.

Surely the French in brackets should be translated "his hands wandered over the keyboard with the mother-o'-pearl (or pearly) keys."—Yours, &c.,

Fairfield House, Kidderminster.

E. S. CORBET.

A Modern Instance.

SIR,—There are still unexpected discoveries to be made in the byepaths of minor literature, and particularly, it would seem, in the byepaths of minor verse. They are not, as a rule, important discoveries, but they are

sometimes amusing and sometimes a little annoying. Here is an instance.

There came into my hands the other day a volume of verse published this year which bore upon its title-page the name of James Courtney Challis and the imprint of a Boston publisher. I turned over the leaves without much interest until I came to a set of verses which had that familiar air which only comes from close personal acquaintance. I looked again and was convinced: a glance through a book of cuttings from my own poor work added the necessary confirmation. In my book was a little poem which I contributed some years ago to a journal which has now gone the way of so many journals, and in Mr. Challis's book was my little poem dressed out anew: or rather, very slightly altered. My verses were called "Love's Seasons"; Mr. Challis's "Love is Sweet." I give the two sets:—

LOVE'S SEASONS.

Full-flowered summer lies upon the land.
I kiss your lips, your hair—and then your hand
Slips into mine; lo, we two understand
That love is sweet.

The roseleaf falls, the colour fades and dies;
The sunlight fades, the summer, bird-like, flies;
There comes a shade across your wistful eyes—
Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain;
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain—
Can any note revive the broken strain,
Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere,
I turn to you, and in my heart's despair
Find peace and rest. We know, through foul or fair,
That love is sweet.

LOVE IS SWEET.

The glow of sunset lies on lake and land.
I touch your cheek, your hair—and then my hand
Slips into yours, to make you understand
That love is sweet.

The colors fade from out the changing skies;
The hush of twilight on the water lies;
Can I not read within your azure eyes
That love is sweet?

Ah, no—they give me no responsive glow!
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of woe.
You do not know, fair one, you do not know
That love is sweet.

The world is dark and cold, the skies are gray.
My heart, still hoping, turns to you alway
And finds its rest. Oh, may you know some day
That love is sweet.

Now, I make no claim for my verses—they are poor enough. But why should Mr. Challis do me the honour to adapt them to his own ends and give them his name? I have omitted Mr. Challis's final stanza, which was quite unmistakably his own. If Mr. Challis really wished to do me a kindness why didn't he select some more worthy verse of mine? It is painful to me to see this poor little stone reset so badly: and at least the stone was mine. I think I should have been consulted, and Mr. Challis might have discovered my address with as little trouble as it took to spoil my verses. I really feel quite annoyed with Mr. Challis. I wonder whether he will understand that this is not playing the game?—Yours, &c.,

London.

THE PLAGIARISED.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 199 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of any River. Thirty-five replies have been received. The fault of most is their tendency to fine writing. We award the prize to Mr. T. McEwen, Ardlui, Bloomfield, Belfast, for the following:—

THE CLYDE.

It rises among treeless mountains. Black-faced sheep dot the brown moors that surround its source, and its peat-stained waters sing over rocky shallows or brood in saffron-coloured pools. Every few miles you shall find a shepherd's cottage on its banks, and perhaps come on a half-naked boy in mid-stream, "guddling" for trout under the stones. Sand-martins tunnel its loamy banks, and sweep with gaping beak through the mists of dancing midges above the pools. Heather and bilberry drink deep of its waters, and every autumn the honey-scented fairy bells make purple patches to remind the lonely sheep-watcher of the blood of his covenanting ancestors spilt by the dragoons of Claverhouse.

Faster flows the river and faster, falling, falling, falling. Now it hurries towards a precipice and laughs as it flings itself over in flying spray and spume; again it is flowing intent and silent past countless acres of fruit trees and broad fields of rustling barley and billowy oats, purging itself of all impurities as it flows, and making the land glad with fruit and corn.

Soon it reaches the dark, defiling city, and laughs no longer in the sun; but doggedly, resignedly, soiled and submissive, receives and withstands the shock of the ocean liner and grim battleship, upholding them buoyantly on its broad bosom. At last, its work done, it returns to the mother that bore it, and finds rest and cleansing in the uttermost parts of the sea.

Other replies follow:—

A WELSH RIVER.

Of all the flowing waters on which the name of river may be bestowed, none surely wears a more attractive grace than the Welsh mountain stream. It is the child, the boy among rivers. Flashing, singing, chuckling to itself, unburdened with responsibility, content and merry in the most unbroken solitude, grave sometimes but bitter never, it pours from stone to stone, now gurgling in deep brown pools, now lapping lusciously about moss-grown boulders, and now, adventurous-minded, flinging itself boldly in one gleaming arch adown some steep rock-side, wearing itself a channel in the shale. Over the side we peep through the damp greenery, where diamond spray slaps laughingly at little clumps of wet green ferns, vibrating at the gorge's side, to the still tea-brown pools below among the boulders where the salmon lurk. Our ears receive no sound but the music of running waters and the murmur of waving trees. The world is far, and here is fairyland: the youth of life.

For here in truth was the western world young, and here youth lingers: youth and romance and poetry, but elusive. Here shall you find in truth no Gothic facts, but some faint delicate Celtic dream alone. By such a stream strayed fair-headed damsels long ago with wandering eyes: green-cloaked minstrels touched golden harps with fairy strings; silent knights fought in silver mail, and fallen, drank such waters and died with poetry upon their lips. . . . Wales, with her green-clad hills and living streams, mother of all tongues, can yet alone draw us back to the childhood of the world. Let us linger awhile beside her waters.

[B. C. H., London.]

THE TAVY.

"New mailed in morning" no longer, but with armour rusted by sunlight and stained with the day's ebbing life, "the ancient river" flows under Chelsea Bridge to "the ancient Sea"—"our River and all his dreams." To-night he is silent as the hush dividing the souls of his dead dreamers from the world—the souls of Turner and Carlyle and Rossetti—and that last spirit that flashed beyond, the spirit of Henley, caught up to the Heart of Speed. And as I watch my thoughts fill with the river whose shadow runs through my heart—the Tavy, the "Tau-vechan," "the little river."

Sucking its life from the brown breasts of Cranmere's bogs, it tumbles upon the lap of the lonely moor; until, outgrowing its infancy, it rushes in all the lust of life down its granite course.

On it comes, laughing, raging, shouting its dream to the skies, restless as new love that feels the fever but has not found the peace—on through the wild "Cleave," under the wind-swept tors, past the little old town where the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey write age upon its bank. Now it races over the weir where salmon leap, now skirts the cemetery where a year-old grave is green, now sings by the farm where Drake was born and hugs the lawns where he grew old: till, widening, deepening, strengthening, it loses its soul of storm in the soul of "Tamar," "Tau-maur," "the great river" that sweeps to the Hamoaze.

[M. D., London.]

THE THAMES.

It bears few marks of age, this old river, save where it mingles its fair stream with the discoloured tide of the sea of humanity. For me its source is Oxford, and again I seem to catch

"The distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows."

And again in fancy I drift down its reaches as in those long days when life was placid as the stream itself.

Past old-world towns it goes, with here and there some little church or ancient abbey upon its banks, where quiet worship is offered day by day to that God whose unobtrusive majesty finds its type in the gentle, eternal flow of the old river.

Now it flows under some bridge with its Norman arch of old, grey stones, and now under a great iron viaduct where the thunderous rattle of the trains brings it into hideous contact with the life that mars its beauty.

Sometimes it threads its way through broad plains where cornfields wave their glory to the sun, and sometimes by tree-clad hills or grassy mounds, relics of Roman encampments. Fringed by old willows it flows on, ever widening, past houses, new and old, with trim lawns that stretch to its edges, its silence broken at times with the insistent music of the weirs. Gradually it changes its pure water for the sordid filth of the metropolis, and here I leave it, content to think only of the quiet peace that lies behind.

[H. F. W., Limpsfield.]

KERSHOPE BURN.

Gray, ruinous, and desolate, the hills sweep down on either hand to a narrow valley-bottom. Here, amidst a wilderness of splintered rock and rank grass, the Kershope Burn forces a painful passage. Into the huge silences, inviolate else, the thin cry of the river wavers and thrills—querulous, hysterical. Like a far wandered child, in terror of its tragic neighbours, it stumbles in a frenzy of blind fear, plucks convulsively at obstacles, or sinks into despairing apathy.

But, despite its frailty, it is invested with imperial mandates, and severs country from country as certainly as wide sea-firth. Here, if we be of the right northern blood, that portion of our being which spurred abroad with Elliots or Armstrongs looks strangely out upon the scene of former strivings. In this attitude alone will the spirit of the place be adequately received, and its sinister suggestiveness become intelligible. It calls aloud for bloodshed and disaster, and by these alone is it entirely explicable. The sun-bleached boulders appear so many whitening bones; the river-bed has the dreadful hue of ancient bloodstains; and the unchanged hills, clamant for feud, seem grimly to look down upon a field of slaughter.

Meanwhile, the outer world has swung interminably on from change to change. From the surrounding heights the shepherd may see the glass-roofed station of Carlisle flash keenly in the sun, and may mark how upon the surrounding landscape, the trains move to and from that crystal centre.

[D. S., Bootle.]

DOCHART WATER.

Under the purple shoulder of Ben More sweeps Dochart Water brown as only a Highland peat-stream can be. Over great rocks it foams in white, and the thunder of its pouring shakes the air, and the spray of it rises like a mist, wherein the sunshine makes rainbows. Down the deep glen, whose sides are clothed with feathery birches and the bright-berried mountain-ash, the waters swirl onwards, to be gathered in still brown pools, whose breasts reflect the hills. For all around lie the heather-clad mountains, peaceful exceedingly, where solitude dwells, and the curlews cry all day. So, pool below pool, fall below fall, the river pours ringing, pure amber in the sunshine, to break at last in cataracts to Killin Bridge. Over the rocks it sweeps wide and foaming, and the rush of its coming sends a wind of spray before it. In the midst of this din of waters is set a fir-clad islet, which cleaves the torrent in two. It is Loch Buie, the chosen burial-place of Highland Chieftains, who, having fought their fights, and taken their fierce pleasure among their mountains, asked only to hear the river they loved in life thunder round them for evermore.

[M. C. M., Aberystwith.]

THE DEE.

Little more than a trout-stream, babbling over shallows, the Deva of the Romans issues from placid Bala Lake; gathering strength from other streams it winds its tortuous course between steep banks dark with pines until it reaches Berwyn horse-shoe shaped weir. Thence it careers wildly between and over rocks, until, a mile or so beyond Llangollen, it again deepens, flowing swiftly round sharp curves, like a frightened maiden crossing a churchyard. Softly it meanders by Farndon's strawberry fields, while the reeds fringing the stream whisper "King Midas has ass's ears." Broader and deeper it sweeps past miles of ducal meadows and woods at Eaton. Almost it seems to pause at "Jimmy's Ferry" as the float passes over, bearing a few sable-clad mourners with a board on trestles in

their midst: under a snowy linen sheet is outlined a child's coffin, on which is a cross of box, rosemary and rue. The last eddies made by the float are yet lapping the banks, when there comes into view a gaily decked barge, with a wedding party singing as they go. A steam launch bustles the little waves a tip-toe into a wee cove, where, tethered to the roots of an oak tree, a "sweetheart boat" rocks a yellow and black striped blazer, a crimson tennis helmet, a sky blue muslin blouse. Death and love! adown the long reach blooms the white hawthorn, like a bride. Now past the walls of rare old City of Chester. Her union with the great deep is almost complete. As if in welcome, the tide over the weir touches her lip with salt spray. Receding, it bears the maiden river along. The Cathedral bells chime their nuptials, as they rush on seaward, over the golden sands of Dee.

[W. H., Liverpool.]

Competition No. 200 (New Series).

This week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best account of "My Ideal Holiday." Replies not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 22 July, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Smith (Martin R.), *The Past, the Present, and the Future*....(Longmans) net 2/0
Hunter (Rev. John), *A Plea for a Worshipful Church*.....(Dent) net 1/0
Brown (William Adams), *The Essence of Christianity*.....(T. & T. Clark) net 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Carey (Winifred Rose), *The Lay of Swanild the Fair*.....(Sands) net 2/6
Wood (John Dennistoun), *Poems in Rhyme and Blank Verse*
(Melville and Mullen) net 4/6
Rees (Daniel) and Gwynn-Jones (T.), *Dante and Beatrice. A Play*....(French) 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Smith (J. Campbell) and Wallace (William), Edited by, Robert Wallace, *Life and Last Leaves*.....(Sands) net 16/0
Oman (Charles), *A History of the Peninsular War. Vol. II.* (Clarendon Press) net 14/0
Egerton (Hugh Edward), Edited by, Selected Speeches of Sir William Molesworth, Bart., P.C., M.P.(Murray) net 15/0
Strong (Isobel) and Osbourne (Lloyd), *Memories of Vallima*....(Constable) net 3/6
Trent (William P.), *A History of American Literature*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
McMullan (Frederick) and Ellis (Guy), *The Reformation Settlement*....(Sands) 15/0
The Genealogical Magazine. Vol. VI.(Blackwood) 15/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Af Hageby (Lizzy Lind) and Schartau (Leisa K.), *The Shambles of Science* (Bell) net 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Eisrob (Selmmal), *Travel Sketches in Egypt and Greece*.....(Stock) 10/6
Geddie (John), *Romantic Edinburgh*.....(Sands) 3/6
Stein (M. Aurel), *Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan*.....(Unwin) net 21/0
Hobbes (John Oliver), *Imperial India: Letters from the East*.....(Unwin) 1/0
Home (Gordon), *What to see in England*.....(Black) net 5/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Askwith (E. H.), *A Course of Pure Geometry*....(Cambridge University Press)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jarvis (Mary Bowles), *The Tree Book*.....(Lane) net 3/0
Baden-Powell (Major-General R. S. S.), *War in Practice*.....(Isbister)
Johnson (A. E.), Edited by, *The Volunteer Annual, 1903*.....(Black) net 1/0
Harrison (W.), *Children: Their Thoughts, Words, and Ways*.....(Heywood) 3/0
Blomfield (Leonard), *A Naturalist's Calendar*....(Cambridge University Press)

JUVENILE.

Synge (M. B.), *The Story of the World: On the Shores of the Great Sea. I.* (Blackwood)
" " " " *The Discovery of New Worlds* (Blackwood)
" " " " *The Awakening of Europe* (Blackwood)

NEW EDITIONS.

Cartwright (Julia), *Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan, 1475-1497*....(Dent) net 7/6
Hartly (Thomas), *The Well-Beloved*.....(Macmillan) 3/6
Scotti (Carlo), *Hessfeld's Italian Prose Reader*.....(Hirschfeld) 2/0
Salmond (J. B.), *My Man Sandy*.....(Sands) 1/6
Cooper (J. Fenimore), *The Last of the Mohicans*.....(Ward, Lock) 1/6
Kimon (D.), *Practical System of Learning French*
(The Editor's Office, Paris) 3 fr. 50
Green (John Richard), *A Short History of the English People. Part 28*
(Macmillan) net 0/6
Tyndall (Prof.), *Lectures and Essays*.....(Watts) 0/6
Hill (R. F.), *A Mysterious Case*.....(Ward, Lock) 0/6
Gerard (Morice), *The Man of the Moment*.....(") 0/6

PERIODICALS.

Edinburgh Review, English Historical, London, Burlington, North American Review, Mind, Printseller.

